The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1914.

Summary of the News

An interesting political development of the week, and one that has been somewhat neglected, was the meeting at Malmoe, Sweden, on Friday and Saturday of last week, of the Kings of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. This was the first occasion on which the monarchs of the two former countries had met since the separation—a model of bloodless revolution—of Norway and Sweden in 1905, and the incident undoubtedly marks the establishment of closer relations between those two nations. That aspect of the conference, however, is only of secondary interest. Its real significance is in relation to the present struggle and in connection with the persistent and well authenticated reports of German wooing of the Scandinavian countries, especially of Sweden. The result of the meeting seems to have given no encouragement to any hopes that Germany may have entertained of involving her northern neighbors in the war on her side. A full agreement, it is stated, was reached concerning the neutrality of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and the principal object of the conference was to agree on uniformity of action to safeguard their common interests in the more difficult questions arising out of the war, principally in connection with Scandinavian shipping. According to dispatches from Petrograd to the New York *Times*, the meeting is viewed there with approval as foreshadowing an alliance of the three countries which shall lead to a declaration of permanent neutrality both for the states themselves and for the straits uniting the Baltic with the North Sea and the Atlantic.

A development of the utmost importance in the situation in the Balkan states was the announcement of the Bulgarian Minister at Petrograd on Tuesday that an agreement had been reached between Rumania and Bulgaria under which Rumania would restore to Bulgaria the province of Dobrudja and most of the other territory which she acquired from Bulgaria as a result of the second Balkan war. At the same time the Bulgarian Minister announced that his country would continue to be neutral, and expressed the belief that Rumania, "although she has no cause to fear us," would do the same. The importance of this announcement is that it sets at rest all doubts as to the intentions of Bulgaria, and disposes of a possible source of danger to the Allies. The way to Western Europe is now definitely closed to the troops of the Sultan. Irrespective of any action with regard to the war that may be taken by Rumania or Greece, Bulgaria will remain neutral. Whether the announcement portends a change of attitude on the part of Rumania and her approaching participation in the war is not so clear. If she is determined to satisfy her Transylvanian aspirations by force of arms, she is at liberty to do so so far as Bulgaria is concerned. At any rate it may be taken for granted that her surrender of the newly acquired province is not dictated by motives of pure philanthropy, and it is possible that she has received from the Allies the promise of a *quid pro quo* when the time comes for the division of the Austrian spoils. The suggestion is obvious, however, that that time, if it is to come at all, might be appreciably hastened were Rumania to join the Allies.

The vote in the House on Tuesday on the Prohibition Amendment was 197 for the resolution to 189 against, 61 votes short of the two-thirds majority required.

In the Federal District Court on Monday Judge Hough dismissed the equity suit brought by the Government under the Sherman law against the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company on account of its relations with the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, the Lehigh Valley Coal Sales Company, and a number of similar concerns.

Increases in freight rates approximating 5 per cent. on all the railways between the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi north of the Potomac and Ohio Rivers were granted on December 18 by the Interstate Commerce Commission, two Commissioners dissenting from the opinion of the majority.

In response to Col. Goethals's request that ships of the navy be sent to the Panama Canal to prevent violations of neutrality, Secretary of the Navy Daniels last week ordered the cruiser Tacoma to proceed to Colon. Col. Goethals's request seems to have been made almost entirely as a precautionary measure, as he stated in a message to Secretary Garrison on December 17 that "excepting for reports of the misuse of wireless, no neutrality is known to have been violated."

In Mexico, the position of Carranza appears to grow more precarious. The State Department on Monday received news from Vera Cruz that his force of some 20,000 men was severely defeated at Apizaco and Puebla by a Conventionist army under the command of Zapata and Angeles. According to information received by the State Department from its agents in Mexico, Puebla, Apizaco, Pachuca, and Guadalajara have all fallen into the hands of the Conventionists. A situation of some difficulty arose last week as a result of the fighting between the Mexican factions at Naco, in which shots were freely fired over the border into United States territory. The garrison of Gen. Bliss, in command at Naco, has been reinforced by some 4 000 men, and, according to the latest intelligence as we write, Gen. Maytorena has withdrawn his troops further from the border.

A British Protectorate was formally proclaimed throughout Egypt on December 18, thus reconciling the form of British rule in Egypt with what has been the fact for the past thirty-two years, and marking the end of Turkish power in Africa. Prince Hussein Kemal Pasha, an uncle of the ex-Khedive, who has thrown in his lot with the Sultan, was installed as Khedive on the following day. Incidentally it is interesting to note that this action by Great Britain brings to an end a curious anomaly in her imperial administration. Hitherto her representative in Egypt, the most powerful of her pro-consuls, has borne the modest title of "British Agent." In the proclamation of the Protectorate Lieut.-Col. Sir Arthur Henry McMahon is appointed to be "his Majesty's High Commissioner for Egypt."

Relations between Greece and Turkey were subjected to a further strain last week by the arrest and condemnation to death in Constantinople of a warrant officer attached to the Greek Naval Attaché. A strong protest was made by the Greek Minister, and it is understood that Germany has brought pressure to bear on her ally to have the sentence revoked.

The Italian Senate adjourned on December 18, after giving evidence of complete accord with the neutral policy of the Government. In a speech before the adjournment Signor Salandra, according to cabled dispatches, coupled an expression of hope that peace might be reëstablished in 1915 with the significant statement that he expected that next year would add to Italy's glory and greatness, an end which would be accomplished owing to "the unity of the people and the strength of the army." On the same day King Victor Emmanuel signed a royal decree authorizing the issuance of a loan of $200,000,000, bearing interest at 4½ per cent., and repayable within twenty-five years. The difficulty that arose between Italy and Turkey over the Hodeida incident, which we noted last week, has not, as we write, been settled. The Ottoman Government has agreed to concede all of Italy's demands, but the authorities at Hodeida have not so far complied with the stipulations, and it was reported on Monday that Italy had sent a more peremptory note, demanding immediate satisfaction.

The Appropriations Committee of the French Chamber has had under consideration the budget for 1915, which provides for a monthly expenditure on the war of about $200,000,000 during the first six months of next year, a sum roughly equal to that which is expended by England. Speaking before the Appropriations Committee on Friday of last week, M. Ribot, Minister of Finance, emphasized the strong financial position of France, and declared that the nation would not be embarrassed by a prolongation of hostilities. The most important item in the budget is the Government's request for authorization to issue Treasury bonds up to $400,000,000, with authority, if necessity should arise, to go beyond this maximum by decree after consulting the Council of State. The French Parliament reopened its sessions on Tuesday.

The deaths of the week include: Johannes Bernardus Blommers, Col. Edward D. Meier, December 15; Dr. Winfield S. Smith, December 16; Charles R. Rutan, Brig.-Gen. John Vincent Furey, Daniel Parish, December 17; Archibald Ross Colquhoun, December 18; Eugene Zimmerman, Brig.-Gen. Charles Norton, December 20; Brig.-Gen. John Beatty, Richard J. Evans, December 21.

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The Week

"We now let these Belgian documents speak for themselves" is the concluding sentence of Dr. Dernburg's plea in justification of Germany's violation of her treaty obligations. And they *do* speak for themselves; but they do not speak for Dernburg. That gentleman, in the course of his 1,500 words, more or less, of introduction, has not a word to spare for the simple fact that the military arrangements discussed between a representative of the British army and a representative of the Belgian army related solely to what would be done "in case Belgium should be attacked." Special pleading, on the part of the official advocates of any belligerent, is to be expected; but there are limits beyond which special pleading becomes an insult to intelligence. Those limits are passed when the consideration of measures to be taken by one country in case a treaty is violated by another is deliberately declared to be proof that the first country herself was determined to commit the violation. And on no better basis than this does Dr. Dernburg rest the defence of Germany's crime against Belgium.

Two extremely interesting facts stand out from the record of Admiral von Spee's ships and from that of the Emden. It was believed before this war that a commerce-destroyer would have the greatest difficulty in getting coal if it did not belong to a nation with coaling-stations throughout the world. But these German vessels had no difficulty whatever in coaling. What troubled them was their inability to obtain ammunition. It is reported that the Gneisenau had shot away all her ammunition some time before the end came; and the Scharnhorst could not have been much better off, for the two bore the brunt of the action off Coronel. From the official report of the gallant captain of the Emden to the Kaiser, it appears that he, too, ran out of ammunition. He then actually turned his vessel towards her pursuer, in the hope of sinking the latter with a torpedo or by ramming her, but in a few minutes his funnels were shot away, his steam fell off, and there was nothing left but to run the ship on a near-by reef. The deadliness of these modern battles for the loser appears not only from the fact that, like the Monmouth and the Good Hope, the Gneisenau went down with all on board, but from the official statement that, while about 110 men were killed on the Emden, only eight were wounded. The knowledge that scarcely a single German vessel has thus far surrendered under fire, and that the crews have chosen to perish rather than haul down their flag, as did the men of the Gneisenau, is producing a tremendous feeling of pride and elation in Germany, where they consider that their navy of only thirty years' standing has proved itself the equal of the British in ability, daring, and a courage which welcomes death for the Fatherland.

Sufficient information has now come to hand about the naval battle off the Falkland Islands to make it clear that it was as accidental as was the action off Coronel. On the latter occasion the two fleets knew that they were in the same waters, but were not aware how close they were to each other, for the British admiral had not waited for his one battleship to join him. Moreover, they met only an hour before sunset. Had either fleet been slightly delayed, the battle would not have occurred. Off the Falklands, Admiral von Spee apparently had no idea that the British reinforcements had arrived. He was looking for the Canopus, the one British battleship he knew to be about, and when his scouts reported her and some cruisers, he went after her, only to find himself in a hornet's nest. Then he boldly decided to attempt to save his light cruisers for further raiding by sacrificing his own ship, the Scharnhorst, and his other armored cruiser, the Gneisenau. In this he was only partially successful, the Dresden alone escaping. Thus there is no tactical or strategical lesson to be drawn from either battle. Von Spee is still entitled to the highest praise for getting his ships together by wireless, and for his skilful handling of them when they met the British cruisers. It is presumed that he was heading for the South Atlantic, which would seem to have been quite the proper course, when he fell into the British trap. A dash for the English coast, destroying merchantmen as he went, and an effort to reach home waters by way of the North of England would seem to have been as useful a plan as any he could have adopted.

That the "Finis Finlandiæ" so often spoken of by Russian reactionaries should be planned anew at this time of Allied battle for small nations has naturally alarmed English sentiment. The publication by the Russo-Finnish Committee—a body composed of high officials, working with the sanction of the Czar—of a programme of legislative measures for Finland, has been taken by some as purely academic; but others will not dismiss it so lightly. The programme is the result of many years' work; it gives practical form, moreover, to some of the more general measures passed by the third Duma in 1910 to restrict Finnish liberties. According to a Danish correspondent of the London *Nation*, its "adoption *en bloc* when laid by the Czar's Ministers before the present Duma is a foregone conclusion, a mere matter of form." By it the laws regarding the Russian press, societies, and meetings are to be extended to Finland; all officials are to be removable by Russian authorities; all schools and the Helsingfors University are to be placed under the Petrograd Ministry of Education; and preference for Russian goods is to be established. The Russian author, M. Lebedeff, takes the more hopeful view that the Duma, more liberal than in 1910, will reject the legislation. But there is no doubt of its submission, and this fact alone is disturbing at a moment when it was beginning to be hoped that the war promised to better Russian governmental policy.

Though the shrinking of Magna Charta in time of war is to be expected, King John's ghost must have found a grim satisfaction in the recent debate in the House of Lords on the Defence of the Realm Act. Incidentally, the fight waged illustrates what the upper House gained in the accession of Viscount Bryce. The new act would give to a court-martial the power to execute a British subject, whether in military or naval employ or not. With men like Bryce, Lord Loreburn, and ex-Chancellor Halsbury on the floor, the debate quickly became a grave discussion of Constitutional principles. No reason was shown by the Government why the ordinary courts were not sufficient for all present purposes; and the upshot was an agreement postponing the operation of this part of the act until Parliament reassembles. To another section giving the authorities the right to take over property no objection was interposed. It may obviously be necessary for the military at any time to take possession of the land, destroy buildings, and remove the population. The matter is one quite different from resorting to military courts for civilian trial. No outwardly plausible reason will induce Englishmen to surrender on such a principle; and it is strange that the Commons waived a point contested by the Lords.

A dispatch from Cape Town states that Gen. Botha has gone to his farm for a short vacation, the rebellion being, in his judgment, practically at an end. It did not re-

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quire this announcement to satisfy the world at large that the troubles of the British Government in that direction were over. The original insurrection, that led by Col. Maritz, collapsed at once; but for a short time it seemed not impossible that the later movement, headed by Gen. Beyers and Gen. De Wet, might prove formidable. Such did not, however, prove to be the case; and when, before long, these leaders were removed, the one by death and the other by capture, it was evident that the affair was virtually disposed of. The Germans' hopes of troubles for Britain from disaffected Boers, East Indians, Egyptians, and Irishmen thus seem destined alike to complete disappointment. In the case of the Boers, this exemption is clearly to be ascribed to the broad-minded policy, probably without a parallel in like circumstances, adopted by the British Liberal Government soon after the war; and it is natural to ask the question whether the strong-arm policy in Egypt so confidently urged upon England by Col. Roosevelt on the occasion of his visit four years ago would not have had the effect of making her situation in the land of the Nile very different from what it is at the present juncture.

Chairman Hilles does but his duty when he predicts a sweeping victory for the Republicans in 1916. One of the responsibilities of his position is deciding just when to prophesy. But he is not well advised in going into details, such as naming the issue. Not all of the members of his party are certain that they want it to be the tariff. Who is the great tariff protagonist now? One Boies Penrose, of tariff-devoted Pennsylvania. Would Mr. Hilles regard without secret uneasiness the nomination of the Senator for President? Or has he forgotten the train of events that followed the last attempt of his party to revise the tariff? Would he like to live over the time when Republicans in House and Senate were craftily urged by their opponents to say in intelligible language whether revision meant revision up or revision down? More cautious Republicans will hope that the ghost of the Payne-Aldrich bill may not be conjured up quite yet, and will deem it wiser to watch and pray for a less dangerous issue, like hard times. It is still some distance to the next Presidential campaign, and who knows what may develop by then? A year from now we may be in the midst of a discussion of the powers of the Federal Trade Commission, of President Wilson's part in arranging an armistice among the European Powers.

Everybody takes a shot at the dying Bull Moose. Now it is the unfeeling Democratic majority in the House, which, unmindful of the service rendered the party in the battle of 1912 by the deserting Progressives, cuts off an allowance of $1,800 a year heretofore made for an official representative of the Progressives in the organization of the House. The excuse for this action is the President's call for economy. What more tempting economy can there be than economy at the expense of another party? But the Democrats are able to point to a solid fact in support of this step; this is that the present representation of the Progressives, who number seventeen, will be reduced to seven after the fourth of March, owing to the tragedy of the November elections. And among these seven will appear neither Congressman Murdock, their present leader, nor Congressman Hinebaugh, first lieutenant. Why continue an appropriation of $1,800 a year for a set of nobodies? So far have we come from the sanguine days of 1912! There was a song in those days that the Progressives, who, at all events, are good at singing, must feel like making their own. Its refrain was: "You gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'."

Judge Hough's decision in the Government suit against the Lehigh Valley and its affiliated companies for violation of the Anti-Trust law and the "commodities clause" of the Hepburn act, is chiefly interesting for its view of what is or is not proper reorganization of a company in order to conform with the law. The Lehigh Valley Railroad, in divesting itself of its previous control of the marketing of coal produced along its line, formed a separate Coal Sales Company, the stock in which it offered for subscription to its own shareholders. The Government asserted that this form of dissolution was evasion of the law. Judge Hough finds that the law has been properly observed, provided the separation of the two branches of the industry has been carried out in good faith, and he holds that no evidence to the contrary is presented. Precisely the same conclusion was reached by the New Jersey District Court last April, in the suit to prove illegal the Lackawanna's similar method of separating its transportation and coal-marketing business.

The American Association for Labor Legislation is to hold its annual meeting at Philadelphia, on December 28 and 29. A special notice sent out by the Secretary speaks of "the backwardness of Pennsylvania in protecting her more than a million industrial workers" as having "long been regarded as a serious obstacle to progress in other States." But on the other hand, turning to the printed programme of the meeting, we find that one of the leading papers on the subject is to be on the "Proposed Workmen's Compensation Law for Pennsylvania," while another is on "The Operation of the New York Workmen's Compensation Law." To the former title is attached a note saying that "Pennsylvania is to be the last of the principal industrial States to pass a compensation measure; all political parties are pledged to its enactment in 1915." And under the latter title the remark is made that "the New York compulsory compensation law, which went into effect on July 1, 1914, has attracted much attention as the most liberal American law." It thus appears—as indeed we all know—that, however regrettable the backwardness of Pennsylvania, it was not enough of an obstacle to prevent her biggest and nearest sister State from adopting a law of the most liberal kind; and furthermore that Pennsylvania herself is sure to fall in line very soon. Such facts as these show how impotent are the stock objections against action by separate States to stop a social or industrial reform when its justice and practicability have once become clearly recognized.

When we find an address opening with a reference to the appalling inhumanity and waste of the war in Europe, followed by the remark that "we rarely stop to think that an equally disastrous and perhaps even more shameful war is going on in our midst all the time," we are prepared for a reformatory thriller of the first order. But such is not at all the character of the address made by President Maclaurin, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to which we are referring. Speaking before the Boston Safety Society last week, he tried to impress upon his hearers the enormous extent of the suffering and loss caused by avoidable industrial accidents in this country; but, while insisting on the duty of doing everything that can be done to reduce the evil, he dwelt particularly upon one aspect of the question which is too generally lost sight of. This is the cardinal importance of what can be accomplished by voluntary effort, if sufficiently stimulated by a knowledge of its possibilities. Dr. Maclaurin speaks of instances in which corporations have reduced accidents to their workmen by one-third in a single year, by two-thirds in ten years, "and some," he says, "have very nearly eliminat-

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ed them altogether." But it is not wholly, nor even chiefly, by the employers that the lesson needs to be learned; it is the workmen themselves, above all, according to Dr. Maclaurin, who must learn to mend their ways. In Germany, he says, statistics show that "there are about twice as many accidents that happen through the carelessness of the workmen as through the neglect of proper safeguards on the part of the employer"; and in this country he thinks it probable "that the proportion to be ascribed to the workmen is even larger than it is abroad."

An illustration of the kind of thing that needs to be done for the improvement of judicial procedure in this country is furnished by the work of a committee, representing both law and medicine, which has been considering the question of reform in the matter of expert medical testimony. To a very large extent, the scandalous experiences which have been so frequent in this regard have been due to want of ability or vigor on the part of judges; but much, too, is to be ascribed to the rules of procedure. The committee referred to, which includes in its membership Judge Barnes of Chicago, Professor Mikell of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, Dr. Adolph Mayer of Johns Hopkins, and Dr. Morton Prince of Boston, has made several important recommendations, which are summarized by the *Illinois Law Review*. Without entering into details, it may suffice to say that each of them is directed towards the simple and obvious desideratum of giving to the determination of the question of sanity as much of the character of a straightforward and scientific inquiry as is compatible with the preservation of fundamental legal rights.

The Census Bureau's report on the insane under institutional care in the United States shows a continuance of that steady increase in their number (and their ratio to the total population) which has so long been familiar. To what extent, or whether at all, this increase means a real increase in the frequency of insanity appears still to be an open question among careful statisticians; for the report draws attention to an influence which was long ago recognized as going far to account for the figures—the extension of institutional provision for the care of the insane, and the growth of the practice of making use of such provision. That these factors are still operative in an important degree is evidently the opinion of the census authorities. Another question which, one would think, deserves careful inquiry, is that of age-distribution; for it is not impossible that the change that is gradually taking place in this regard may have much to do with the matter. Finally, a distinction of no small importance is that between a merely arithmetical increase of frequency and such an increase as signifies worse conditions or habits of life. To whatever extent the augmentation may be due to the saving of the lives of persons more than normally liable to mental disease, to that extent it is not to be regarded as indicating a decline in the general well-being.

The "orphan-asylum Indian," whom Secretary Lane has deprecated, can most quickly be brought to independence by industrial education; and Commissioner Sells's supplementary report shows how much is being accomplished along this line by the unusually large appropriation which he was able this year to obtain. Schools are being established with the primary end of fitting the Indian for agriculture and trades; demonstration agents have been appointed to improve methods of farming; and cattle-raising has been started in Oklahoma on a new scale by a joint use of Indian and Government funds. It is the statement of Secretary Lane that the United States has spent a total of $10,000,000 in irrigating Indian lands, and that most of it has been sheer waste because the tribesmen were ignorant of irrigation farming! If the Secretary's and Commissioner's reports together show a new energy in dealing with the nation's 300,000 protégés, their insistence on preparation for citizenship indicates that their zeal is foresighted. Mr. Sells announces a new plan of sending three representatives to spend their time on the reservations investigating and reporting on Indians ready for absorption—an improvement upon the old system of letting the Indian himself apply for citizenship; and Mr. Lane states that, with his Alaskan and Western land legislation virtually assured, the preoccupation of the Department will this year be with the development of the Indian.

John Lind's second instalment of "The Mexican People" in the *Bellman* speaks well of the Mexicans not merely in their general character, but in their attitude towards Americans. "It has been difficult for the Mexican people to believe that our President did not have some ulterior motive in his proffered assistance and good offices. I think, however, that they are now nearly convinced; and when once convinced, . . . more loyal friends are not to be found." Again: "You have heard a great deal about the hostility of the Mexicans for everything American. I found no such hostility except among the class who supported Huerta. They hated us. What there is left of them hate us now. They do not hate us as individuals. They hate and dread the influence of our institutions." The Mexicans of the North, who are, Mr. Lind thinks, to dominate the future, "like us as well as any foreign people can like another." He does not reason as if the Mexicans are a brutish and ignorant race, whom only the big stick can terrify into proper respect. His own opinion is that there is a considerable intellectual class in Mexico, and that the masses are illiterate rather than ignorant. The practical workings of the President's policy may have been disappointing; but Mr. Lind contends that the spirit of good-will in which it was conceived will slowly make an impression, and be reciprocated.

Parallels implying comparisons are doubtless odious, yet there may be profit in setting side by side "Der Tag" of the chief of the kailyarders and such a dialogue as Landor's between Alexander and the Priest of Hammon. The grounds on which Landor excoriates the earlier fighting king are much those on which Barrie tries the Kaiser. Substitute references to Belgium and culture for Alexander's boast that the ruler of Macedon had demonstrated his regard for religion by slaying nine thousand of its Grecian enemies, and the variation of the Priest's rejoinder would be easy: "William! William! the enemies of culture are the cruel, and not the sufferers by cruelty." Between Thebes and Louvain is no faint analogy. To the Priest, a hound on a heap of dust may dream of a fine city:

> But to destroy them is the very foremost of the excesses I abhor. All the cities of the earth should rise up against the man who ruins one. Until this sentiment is predominant, the peaceful can have no protection, the virtuous no encouragement, the brave no countenance, the prosperous no security. We priests communicate with one another extensively; and even in these solitudes, thy exploits against Thebes have reached and shocked us.

The dream in which the Kaiser loses his sense of time is not so fine a reminder of the perspective of the centuries as a single sentence of the Priest's when Alexander complains that dust from the temple door has blown into his eyes: "Of that dust are the sands of the desert and the kings of Macedon."

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NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF OPEN TOWNS.

The uncertainty which still enwraps the technical right, under international law, to bombard from the sea unfortified coast towns is seen in the war dispatches. From Berlin on Saturday it was stated that, while the German Government feels that it is "entitled" to shell undefended towns, there is a difference of opinion about it in the Navy. Some officers think it is not to the honor of the fleet; more believe that it is a mistaken policy. The net impression is that raids like last week's upon the English coast will be repeated, if occasion offers. They certainly will not be headed off by the angry words which Winston Churchill, of the British Admiralty, applies to them. His attitude will, if anything, encourage the Germans to keep on raiding. And they may point out that, while he waspishly denounces the action of the German cruisers, he does not say that English warships will not do the same thing, if they get a chance.

This, however, would be unfair. England has officially gone on record against the German practice. In the instructions of the British delegates to the Hague Congress of 1907 we read: "The Government consider that the objection, on humanitarian grounds, to the bombardment of unfortified towns is too strong to justify a resort to that measure, even though it may be permissible under the abstract doctrines of international law." This was a clear departure from the view held and proclaimed by the British Admiralty earlier. In the naval manœuvres of 1888, the "enemy squadron" was supposed to ravage the coast of Scotland. It was reported as destroying Greenock, "blowing down" Adrossan, and "shelling the fine marine residences and watering-places in the Vale of the Clyde." Instant protest against such practices was made by T. E. Holland, professor of international law at Oxford. In a letter to the London *Times* he denounced them as "Naval Atrocities," and declared it a most urgent question whether the British Navy was to be allowed to think that it could conduct uncivilized warfare. Professor Holland's protest at once provoked counter-protests from naval officers. One of them wrote to the *Times* that, in a great war, "not the slightest respect would be paid to old-fashioned treaties, protocols, or other diplomatic documents." Here was the English version of the scrap of paper! Capt. James of the fleet begged to inform Professor Holland that "the talk about international law is all nonsense." These were only individual opinions. But a committee of admirals was appointed to report, among other questions, on "the feasibility and expediency of cruisers making raids on an enemy's coasts and unprotected towns for the purpose of levying contributions." Their conclusion was that "there can be no doubt about the feasibility of such operations"; that they would surely be attempted by "any Power at war with Great Britain"; and that "we know of no means more efficacious for making an enemy feel the pinch of war."

All these facts are set forth in Professor Holland's "Letters on War and Neutrality," a new edition of which was issued only this year. His position in the matter of naval bombardment of unfortified towns was that international law did not prohibit it, but did restrict it. And he raised his voice most humanely and eloquently against the supposition that, because the rules of naval war, narrowly interpreted, might permit the doing of barbarous deeds, therefore barbarous deeds could be both done and exulted in. Professor Holland uttered one warning which comes home with special force at the present time. He affirmed that England ought to be told to what risks her seaboard towns might be exposed in time of war, and pointed out the folly of allowing, in "mimic warfare," "any course of action which could be cited against us in case we should ever have to complain of similar action on the part of a real enemy."

To what purpose recall these things today? For the purpose of pointing out that the "war party" in all countries is essentially the same. It has existed in Great Britain and in the United States, just as it has in Germany. In all it has had the same characteristics: reckoning everything in terms of powder and shot; impatience at restraint by any "sentimental" considerations; eagerness to be always ready to "strike," and to strike first; a constant desire to make a whole people think night and day of preparations for war and conquest. But in our own country and, measurably, in England it has been held in abeyance. Compulsory military service has not been tolerated. The plans of war experts, who, if they had their way, would compel us to maintain a garrison in the planet Jupiter, and to sail battleships along the Milky Way, have been kept under control. To obey the law and to live in peace has been thought better policy than to snap one's fingers at treaties and plunge into war. The British Government has not been exempt from rash counsels by heady men whose thoughts are all of war. It has been stated on good authority that Winston Churchill was anxious to "smash the German fleet," a week before war was declared, but that the Cabinet sat down hard on him. There are always preachers of might and ruthlessness. Every nation has its gospellers of blood and iron. But the nation that strives to keep its civilization unpoisoned will not ask what can be done, but what ought to be done, and even in war will have a decent respect for the opinion of mankind.

THE WAR AND "ECONOMIC EXHAUSTION."

The absence of any sensational readjustment in the world of investment capital, at a time when the temporary borrowings of the belligerent European states are being replaced by long-term war loans of wholly unprecedented magnitude, has been a subject of much comment. The entire episode is providing a new and remarkable study in economics on the grand scale—not less so, when so few of the seemingly unavoidable immediate economic consequences are happening as had been expected. Germany on September 19 offered a war loan of $1,100,000,000. It was offered at 97½, and bore interest of 5 per cent.—not, perhaps, a remarkably high bid for capital, when it is remembered how relatively high a rate the Empire has lately had to pay for loans, even in time of peace. It was oversubscribed in Germany.

Dr. Helfferich, of the Deutsche Bank, in a monograph on this loan declared that "there is no parallel in history for our war loan, and it will be no easy matter for any country on the globe to equal it." The Imperial loan was, in fact, greater by $275,000,000 than the famous French indemnity loan of 1872, previously the largest single operation of the kind on record; and the German loan was subscribed in Germany alone, whereas the whole financial world had a hand in the loan of 1872. But the British Government's answer to the Berlin bank director's challenge was the successful offer, on November 17, of a loan for $1,750,000,000, or more than half as large again as the German operation. The interest rate was 3½ per cent. and the price 95, which yielded the investor not much more than do the existing 2½ per cent. consols, at present prices. And we are beginning to hear of another huge loan by Germany.

That this huge displacement of capital, present and prospective, does not more seriously upset the investment market generally has been a matter of great surprise. The immense facilities for credit established in all European markets under Government auspices, when the war broke out, explain this

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to some extent. No doubt, the real effects will be felt much later on—perhaps when the present facilities of "emergency credit" begin to be withdrawn. Possibly, also, it may be said that a successful billion-dollar or two-billion-dollar war loan, at a time when suspension of trade activity has released immense supplies of capital, is no more remarkable than the "flotation" of the billion-dollar Steel Corporation in 1901, when promotion and investment were on a scale of feverish activity. But as the war goes on, the providing of the fifty-odd million dollars daily for the expenses of the combatants is sure to develop new and interesting precedents in the field of political economy.

What has already happened throws some light on the favorite theory of "economic exhaustion" as a result of war. Nothing can be more convincingly reasoned out as an inevitable consequence, yet nothing is harder to prove by historical precedent. We can, in fact, recall but one instance in the great wars of the past two centuries in which a combatant had to lay down its arms because of such exhaustion. But the Southern Confederacy of 1865 was in a position where the supplies of its armies were literally cut off by superior forces. Lee had lost access to his own country's farms and storehouses. It was no longer a question even of money or credit, but of food.

It must be frankly admitted that the present war is creating situations new to history, in this regard as in others. With Germany or France, for example, it is a case of withdrawing from production, for an indefinite period, the greater part of the able-bodied male citizenship, and turning them into consumers. And in Germany this happens when the nation is cut off from access to the outside producing world. What is to be the end of that process? The question is not, as with the Confederacy, what will happen to the army, but what will happen to the nation. It is doubtful if the question has ever been really tested in our time. Prof. Roland G. Usher, in the December *Atlantic*, has an ingenious theory. It is, that every German not in the ranks has been catalogued in advance by the Government, and is shifted by governmental mandate from one selected field of industry to another; that production and consumption, supply and demand, are regulated by edict. Even the money supply, Professor Usher tells us, is of no consequence, because "paper credits" could be offered on security of "a great variety of credit values," and "there would be plenty of real value because there would be plenty of work; the Government would see to that." These measures "seem to conform accurately to the experience of history."

Professor Usher, in short, though supporting his statements of fact or planning by no citation of authority, clearly makes out on his own account something like a case for war as a blessing to industry, trade, finance, and credit. We are ourselves inclined to cling to the old and pretty thoroughly tested conception of war as an instrument purely of economic havoc. The confusing, in his argument, of drastic expedients to stave off instant ruin with expedients to establish orderly and permanent prosperity, is too plain to be mistaken. We doubt if even the General Staff has assumed quite as much as Professor Usher. A rather generally accepted German authority on the war problem begins his discussion of its economic aspects by admitting that the argument for economic breakdown, under the strain of maintaining armies on the present scale, has strong *prima facie* grounds. The result would be averted, he imagines, by releasing part of the fighting force, from time to time, for home production. That actual economic strength could be derived as a consequence of the war, does not occur to him; and in a military deadlock where both sides were inspired with equally strong moral purpose, success would come presumably to the belligerent "who can hold out financially longest."

On questions such as this, it will require courage for outsiders to dissent from the above remarks of Gen. von Bernhardi.

UNHAPPY POLAND.

The Partition of Poland, a century and a half ago, was long the favorite example, for American orators, of a great international crime. And until within a couple of decades, the interest of our people in Poland remained largely rhetorical and literary. Not till the Polish emigration to the United States assumed large proportions did we begin to think in a more vital way of the actual Poland of the present day. This feeling for a contemporary, breathing Polish people has, of course, been greatly quickened by the European war, yet even now it may be doubted if Americans have anything like an adequate realization of the unhappy plight of the Polish provinces of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. They are, in fact, to be ranked high among the victims of the war.

Few of us stop to reflect how the tide of battle has swept back and forth over the fields and towns of Russian Poland and of Galicia, with all the widespread suffering and destruction and horror which this has caused. We think of East Prussia as German, and set down the Russian invasion of it as a blow mainly felt at Berlin; but the province contains a large Polish population, and it is of a sort in general not able to flee before the Cossacks, and so most exposed to the miseries of war. Indeed, those cannot be far wrong who assert that the Poles are as fully deserving of commiseration as the Belgians. More than five hundred towns, chiefly occupied by Poles, are reported to have been destroyed in the course of the fighting which has surged back and forth. The distress of thousands of helpless civilians has so impressed their compatriots and sympathizing friends in this city that a Polish Relief Committee has been organized, with headquarters at 105 West 40th Street, of which Madame Marcella Sembrich is the honorary president. The need which it is designed to meet is unquestionably great and piteous.

One of the ghastly tragedies of the war is the way in which compulsory military service has forced Poles to fight against Poles. There are great numbers of them in the Russian army; and perhaps as many more in the ranks of the Austrians and the Germans. They have all, so far as known, done their military duty; but it must add a bitterness to death for them to know that it is their own blood kindred whom they are, in many cases, compelled to fight. International law no longer permits a conqueror, like Napoleon, to force the troops of a beaten army to take service under his banner and possibly to lead them against their own countrymen. But virtually such a fate has befallen the Poles this year; the far-off consequences of the breaking up and partition of their ancient kingdom having been to set them in unnatural battle array against each other.

But what of Polish hopes growing out of the war? Is there any real foundation for the belief that its close may see a reunited and autonomous, if not independent, Poland? Up to the present, all that the Poles have to go upon is vague promises. Their friendship and support have been actively competed for. It was before the end of August that the Russian Grand Duke issued his manifesto and appeal. His language to the Poles was that "the hour has struck" for fulfilling the "holy dream of your fathers." "Let the boundaries cutting asunder the Polish people be effaced: let them unite under the sceptre of the Czar." Under that sceptre Poland was to be born again, "free in religion, language, and self-government."

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This was well fitted to stir Polish enthusiasm, but, after all, was there anything in it more solid and sure than in the proclamation of the German commanding general, von Morgen? He caused it to be posted in the parts of Russian Poland invaded by German arms: "Arise and drive away with me those Russian barbarians who have made you slaves. Drive them out of your beautiful country, which shall now regain her political and religious liberty. This is the will of my mighty and gracious King." No wonder that the Poles have doubted both these advances, and have been quietly organizing a new party which takes as its watchword, "We do not want to hear of Russia or of Austria or Germany. We want only one thing—the Polish state without guardianship from any side."

Georg Brandes, in the *Day*, declares that this is a political impossibility. It is no time, in his opinion, to begin shouting *Polonia farà da sè*. That Poland should be able of herself to attain her freedom he holds to be out of the question. This may be so; and yet when the final settlement is made after the war, the case of the Poles will plainly demand special consideration. The wonderful way in which, for a hundred and fifty years, though no longer a nation, they have kept alive their intense national spirit, refusing to blend with their conquerors; and the burning high again of their hopes in the midst even of the devastation which the war has brought upon them—all this must be allowed weight. If the war is to end in a brighter day for small nationalities, the just demands of Poland cannot be wholly overlooked.

THE RATE DECISION.

Opinions still differ concerning the exact scope and effect of the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, on Friday, in the matter of the petition of the railways to be allowed to establish higher freight charges. More time will doubtless be needed to balance detail against detail, and to arrive at an accurate estimate of what the result will mean to the railways in dollars and cents. It appears to be safe to say at once, however, that the contentions of the roads have been virtually admitted by the Commission. It concedes the force of their arguments, and does not seriously question their statistics and the inferences from them. They asked, roughly, for a 5 per cent. increase in freight rates, and this is granted to them, with the exception of certain commodities and certain routes, or combinations of routes, of traffic. But the latter must have been expected. The net result is, we doubt not, as full a compliance on the part of the Commission with the reasonable requests of the railways as sensible railway managers could at any time have counted upon.

And it should not be forgotten that a sound judgment of the decision will take into consideration more than the actual amount of increased railway revenue that may follow. This is important; in some cases it may prove to be absolutely vital. Yet we believe that the few millions, more or less, which will soon be placed in the treasury of the companies, will not signify so much to their officers as will other aspects of the decision. The money to be had is one thing; the moral effect of receiving permission to obtain the money is another and a larger thing. It is confidently to be expected that the credit as well as the income of the railways will be enlarged. If they need to borrow, in order to enlarge equipment and spend more on maintenance, it is probable that they can now do so without such general recourse to short-term notes, at high rates of interest, as has lately been common. With more funds in sight, and with railway credit placed upon a broader and more secure basis—not the least part of it being the restored public confidence which we are almost sure to witness—it would seem that not alone the business which comes *to* the railways, but the business which comes *from* them, ought soon to wear brighter promise than for a long time back. In all these aspects of the matter, we may well look upon this decision as something like a landmark in railway finance.

Upon the immediate effects of the rate decision, the attention of both the railways and the public will be for the time being fixed. This is inevitable, and it is proper. The Commission itself was bound to pass upon the merits of the railway case as that stood at the time. Any attempt to take a long look ahead, in the endeavor to foresee every consequence and to guard against every possible mischief, would have been unwise. We can't be always wondering what lies on the other side of the hill. A present emergency has to be met by the best light of the present, with the ultimates left to be dealt with as they arise. It was apparently in this spirit that the majority of the Interstate Commerce Commission acted. And the general approval which their decision has received, and, in our opinion, deserved, will only be heightened by a consideration of some of its indirect and far-reaching results.

For one thing, we think it will go a long way towards raising the Interstate Commerce Commission itself in public esteem. There is no denying that it has been out of favor for a long time back. Complaints about it have been as thick as blackberries. Nor have all of these been wanton. The most friendly critics have been compelled to protest againnst the Commission's delays. If these have resulted from an unavoidable congestion of business, that fact only gives edge to another form of dissatisfaction with the Commission. It has been described as a grab-all. It wants to inquire into everything, so it has been said, and to meddle with everything. Then there has been much outcry about its mixing up of functions. These are partly judicial, partly legislative. Latterly, it has employed a kind of prosecuting counsel, making it a sort of tribunal unknown elsewhere in the world. So the bitter argument has run, but we shall hear less of it for a time. The Commission has shown that it can be both prompt and fair in a case of great importance. Its personnel and its work will be less evil entreated.

In a still broader way, one effect of the decision will be to make the people more hopeful about the whole question of government regulation of railways. It was a fateful experiment upon which this country entered with the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission. With its ups and downs we are not here concerned. It has doubtless been at times misunderstood and misrepresented. Its powers and its duties have not always seemed to be clear. But all along it at least represented an effort to bring a great public activity within a reasonable public control. And from that original purpose the country has not been swayed either by abuse of the Commission or by the appeals of Mr. Bryan and others to leave it behind as an outworn instrument and proceed to the ownership and operation of railways by the Government itself. Against so rash a flying to ills that we know not of, this latest decision by the Commission should be an added preventive. Americans will not believe that regulation is "played out." In this exercise of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission they will see proof of fairness to all the parties in interest, and of flexible adaptability to the changing needs of both railways and the public.

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ODDS AND ENDS ABOUT INCOMES.

The main facts brought out by the returns of the income tax concerning the number of American incomes falling between specified limits were made public nearly two months ago. In the annual report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, now before us in full, we look rather for gleanings that gratify or pique curiosity than for the broader facts that throw light on the distribution of wealth. However, there are some points that have interest, and which it may be worth while to mention.

Of the fifty-two political divisions listed —the forty-eight States, the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii, and Porto Rico— there are thirty-six which show no individual incomes in the highest classification, while the remaining sixteen do show such incomes, ranging in number from 1 to 82. The highest classification in the tables is, however, not that of incomes exceeding $1,000,000, but of incomes exceeding $500,000. The Government does state the total number of persons declaring incomes above $1,000,000, the aggregate of these in the whole country being 44; a point that gave rise to much discussion and conjecture when first announced. But as to the incomes above $500,000 we now learn that one each is to be found in California, Delaware, Minnesota, Vermont, and Wisconsin; two each in Maryland, New Jersey, and Rhode Island; three each in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Missouri, and Ohio; six in Michigan; eleven in Pennsylvania; thirteen in Illinois, and eighty-two in New York. Thus it appears that none of these big incomes are to be found in "the Solid South," the only ones in what are generally thought of as Southern States being the two in Maryland and the three in Missouri, and that, exclusive of Minnesota and Missouri, there is, in the whole vast region west of the Mississippi River, only one solitary income of the kind, namely, the one in California.

That of the whole array of the biggest incomes, 135 in number, as many as eighty-two —very nearly five-eighths—should be found in the State of New York is not surprising. But it seems a little strange that Massachusetts should show only three, the same as Connecticut; and even more strange that there should be only one more in Massachusetts, with its 3,400,000 inhabitants, its numerous big manufacturing towns, and its traditional great wealth, than in Maryland, with 1,300,000 inhabitants, no considerable city except Baltimore, and a level of wealth apparently far below that of Massachusetts. The case of New Jersey might be thought even more surprising, were it not for the fact that the great army of Jersey commuters whose place of business is in this city were required to report from this city, the instructions directing that returns be made from the individual's "principal place of business." But a study of the figures, going beyond these mere surface facts of the highest classification, and considering the lower classifications and the amounts collected, might bring out some very interesting peculiarities. And to what extent these peculiarities reflect the facts of wealth or income, and to what extent they turn on questions of conscientiousness in making returns, is an inquiry that might prove to justify careful examination.

It is the desire of the Government to give no information as to the income-return of any particular person. But there are, in the tables before us, the makings of a very interesting game in this regard. One is reminded of the story of a Roman cardinal who, in a distinguished social gathering, was telling of his early experiences as a simple priest. His very first penitent, he said, confessed a murder to him. Presently there entered a great nobleman, who greeted the Cardinal with great *empressement*, saying that he had remembered through all these years that he had been the first penitent the Cardinal had received. When the Government tells us that there is just one man in Vermont, say, or Delaware, who returns an income of over $500,000; and when, upon another page, we find the total receipts in that State from the 6 per cent. supertax on incomes above $500,000, it is apt to be a pretty easy guess who the man is, and it is not at all a guess, but a certainty, what income he reported for taxation. And even the zeros, perforce, tell a tale not less interesting. Wherever there is a State with nobody in the over-$500,000 class, one is able to say with certainty that *this* man or *that* man, supposed to be enormously wealthy, did not acknowledge an income of that magnitude.

Further than this, deponents say not; but there is evidently here plenty of meat, both for the "Sunday" feature writer and for the solemn young worker for a Ph.D. The former might look up lists of multi-millionaires, and point out who's who— and still more who ought to be who— in the various States. And the latter, running his eye over the tables, would soon find his pencil itching to plot curves of correspondence between income and illiteracy, or what not, which, if they did not point a moral, might at least help to adorn a thesis.

Chronicle of the War

The most dramatic event of the war last week was the raid on December 16 by German cruisers on Scarborough, Hartlepool, and Whitby, towns on the east coast of England. Taking advantage of a foggy night, three swift battle cruisers and three armored cruisers eluded the blockade maintained by the British fleet in the North Sea, and at about daybreak appeared off the east coast of England and began the bombardment of the towns. A considerable amount of damage was done to property, and over one hundred people, all but seven non-combatants, were killed and more than three hundred wounded. The bombardment lasted about half an hour, after which the cruisers departed. They were subsequently engaged by British destroyers, but their superior speed and armament enabled them to beat off the British vessels, and their escape was facilitated by the fog. It was announced from Berlin that two British cruisers were sunk in the action, but this report proved false. One or two of the destroyers suffered some damage, and there were a few casualties on board the British ships. The German official announcements of the exploit are careful to speak of the squadron having bombarded "fortified places," but it appears that of the three towns Hartlepool alone, and that only in a very technical sense, can be regarded as fortified, Scarborough and Whitby being entirely unprotected. Comment on this aspect of the affair will be found in our editorial columns.

Berlin during the past week has been much occupied with rejoicings over the success of the naval raid and a defeat of the Russians in Poland. The material results of neither achievement seem altogether commensurate with the amount of enthusiasm they have inspired. The raid on the English coast is difficult to explain on other than political grounds. The results achieved from a strategical standpoint were absolutely nil. Indeed, the principal result appears to have been, as might have been fully expected, to give an enormous impetus to recruiting in England. The risk taken (the possible destruction of first-class ships, which Germany could ill afford to lose) was out of all proportion to any possible naval advantage that might accrue. What, then, was the object of this spectacular adventure, and why, on slight evidence, so far as official announcements from the front went, was semi-official encouragement given to the people of Germany to celebrate a crushing victory over the Russians? Official warnings were issued later against a too-buoyant expectation of immediate results, but meanwhile the rejoicings had taken place, inspired by a message from the palace to the Reichstag that the greatest victory of the war had been won.

These two events seem to gain significance in the light of what immediately preceded them, the naval defeat off the Falkland Islands, the disaster to the Austrian army in Servia. The naval raid was Germany's answer to the destruction of her ships in the South Atlantic, designed to relieve public depression and to stimulate enthusiasm and confidence. The advantage gained in Poland and Galicia came opportunely, and was suffi-

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ciently substantial to lend itself easily to exaggeration to the dimensions of a sweeping victory. This was useful in Germany, but it was infinitely more useful in Austria as a counter-stroke to the defeat at the hands of Servia, and it seems a not unreasonable supposition that it was designed primarily to impress public opinion in the Dual Monarchy. Through the veil of censorship which in Austria, as in Germany, hides any expression of public sentiment, there have been visible recently several indications that no such unity as binds the German people together obtains among the heterogeneous population of Austria-Hungary. By way of Italy and Switzerland there have come in the past few days several reports of anti-war demonstrations, both in Hungary and in Austria, and these reports reveal the existence of a bitter sentiment against Germany, an impression that Austrian soldiers are being sacrificed to the attainment of German ends, and a feeling of resentment against the complete domination of Germany in the councils of the Empire.

Taken in connection with the recent riots, the expression of opinion attributed by the *Gazette de Lausanne* to an Austrian diplomatist, and published in the New York *Times* on Tuesday, is significant. This diplomatist, who is unnamed, but is described as "a statesman who had his hour of notoriety," makes a strong plea for a separate peace and the abandonment of Germany. In his view, German victory would be as disastrous for Austria-Hungary as would the defeat of the Dual Alliance, and the only hope for the Empire lies in an immediate peace independent of Prussia. In default of thoroughly trustworthy information concerning internal conditions in the Dual Monarchy, it would be unsafe to base any definite conclusions on the evidence of dissensions that has reached us, but it seems not improbable that internal troubles in Austria-Hungary may ultimately, and possibly before very long, have a profound influence on the course of the war, and some support would appear to be lent to this view by the coincidence of the naval raid and the exaggerated reports of Russian defeat following hard on the news of disaster to Germany by sea and to Austria on land.

The interdependence of the eastern and western campaigns becomes increasingly apparent. The present aggressive of the French and British is dictated principally by the conditions of the eastern campaign. To Poland and Galicia strong German reinforcements have been sent from France and Flanders, and it becomes the business of the Allies to take whatever advantage they can of the consequent weakening of the German forces in the west, and to make it impossible for more troops to be spared from that region for the campaign against Russia. Concerning the fighting in the west there is little to add to what we said last week. On the whole it has been favorable for the Allies, and progress is reported virtually all along the line; but it has been so slight that the bare mention of geographical names to indicate its extent appears almost meaningless. Whereas in the earlier stages of the war progress of either side was marked definitely by the names of towns and villages, we measure now by hamlets and houses, and are intrigued by such expressions as "the house of the ferryman" or "the inn of Kortaker."

For some weeks now attention has been centred principally on the see-saw of the Russian campaign. It was riveted there by the announcement from Berlin on Thursday of last week of the sweeping victory to which we have alluded. This was the culmination of a series of battles which began about November 10, when, as we described in the *Nation* of December 10, the new German attack from Silesia commenced. The occupation of Lodz on December 6, and the retirement of the Russian army to new positions, was brought about by a fierce frontal battle that lasted some ten days. The Russian centre was then pushed back at Lodz. Strong German reinforcements were brought up, and while von Mackensen pounded at the Russian right on the Bzura River, its left in Galicia was attacked by the Austrians pouring over the Carpathians, reinforced by three army corps withdrawn from Servia, and by German troops sent round from the Czenstochowo-Cracow front to the Carpathians. On December 17 came the news of simultaneous success by the Teuton allies on the two wings, by the Germans on the Bzura River, by the Austrians at Limanovo, southeast of Cracow. The Austrian report indicated precisely the line of battle, stating that the Russians were retreating on the front Rajbrot-Niepolemice-Wolbrom-Novo-Radomsk-Piotrkow. Piotrkow was evacuated on December 16, and the railway from Warsaw to Czenstochowo was thus cut by the Germans. Skierniewice, on the railway line from Piotrkow to Warsaw, also appears to have been abandoned. This, however, seems to have been the limit of German success. The Russians, outnumbered, retreated to a narrower front already prepared, extending from the Vistula along the right bank of the Bzura River to the River Rawka, and thence to Rawa. Here it appears that a determined stand has been made, and Russian reports, while fully admitting a retreat, deny absolutely that it was hasty or disordered.

In Galicia also the force of the Austro-German drive from the region of Cracow and from the Carpathians seems to have spent itself for the time being. We hear of severe fighting still on the lower Dunajec River, and we can surmise that thereabouts the line extending from Southern Poland into Galicia forms an elbow, turning eastward towards Krosno and Sanok. Thence we may assume that it extends across the Carpathians, for we still read of fighting in the region of the Latorcza River, which is on the Hungarian side of the mountains. Summing up, then, the situation seems to stand thus: The Austro-German aggressive has not succeeded in relieving Przemysl. The pressure on Cracow is relaxed for the moment, but it is likely to be renewed at any time by another turn in the fortune of the campaign similar to those which have twice already enabled the Russians to drive the German armies back to their own border. Meanwhile the Russian operations in Northern Poland in the direction of Mlawa appear to have been successful, as we learn that the German troops there have fallen back towards the line of Lautenburg-Niedenburg, across the frontier into East Prussia. There appears, therefore, to be some prospect that the Russian troops in this region may succeed in joining hands with the forces which have been established in the Mazurian Lakes district since the beginning of November.

Foreign Correspondence

THE WAR LOAN—AN ANXIOUS DAY IN THE NORTH SEA—A VISITOR FROM THE TRENCHES—THE COMMISSARIAT.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, December 5.

The success of the war loan is in its moral effect equal to a great victory in the field. Never before was a Chancellor of the Exchequer authorized to levy a loan of three hundred and fifty millions. It was expected that in the flush of patriotism supply would not fall far short of stupendous demand. As things turned out, it was exceeded by a sum which in ordinary times would serve the current needs of the State. A peculiarly satisfactory feature of the movement is the large number of applicants for comparatively small sums. Everybody wants to have a finger in the patriotic pie. When the Boer war loan was raised, the number of such applicants was about 25,000. To-day it is 100,000. This subsidy will serve to carry on the war up to Midsummer Day. There is increasing hope that by that time peace may be in sight. If not, a rarely United Kingdom will be prepared to subscribe another loan of equal amount.

Mr. Lloyd George reckons that at the end of the financial year national expenditure will exceed the rate of 535 millions per annum. That is a frightful sum, a fine upon unoffending peace-loving people imposed by the arbitrary action of the German Kaiser and people. At the end of the first three months it was found that the war had cost half as much again as the Crimean War, which extended over three years, and almost half as much as the Boer War, which ran into four. It is possible to regard it as one of the best investments ever made by this country. When militarism in Germany is finally crushed by efforts of the Allies, there will be practicable for us a saving of from forty to fifty millions a year in naval and military expenditures.

Those who remember the storm created in Parliament and the country four to five years ago, when the question of additions to the fleet came up, will regard with astonishment the manner in which Mr. Winston Churchill, in a parenthesis as it were, mentioned that within the next twelve months the number of super-Dreadnoughts will be increased by thirteen. In Mr. McKenna's time at the Admiralty the Government, hampered by threats of revolt by a section of their supporters, proposed to provide a maximum of four. George Wyndham, like Mr. Wegg dropping into poetry, crystallized the demand of the Opposition in a couplet which attained wide vogue:

> We want eight,
> And we won't wait.

Mr. McKenna's successor, without saying "by your leave," lays down the keels of thirteen of the biggest battleships, and is rewarded by a general cheer in the House of Commons reëchoed through the country. In the same period of time Germany, straining to the utmost her resources and opportunities, can increase her naval strength by only three ships. Here is another striking fact pointing to peace early or late in the coming year. England's forces on sea and land, instead of growing weaker, are appreciably in-

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creasing, while Germany's are as steadily diminishing.

When the secret history of the British fleet in the North Sea comes to be written, a profoundly striking entry will appear under date Thursday, November 12. On that day I happened to be lunching with ———. (I anticipate the action of the censor by leaving here a blank.) Suffice it is to say that if my host does not know the inner secrets of the Admiralty, others must be wholly in the dark. He told me that on that night the long-interned German fleet would break out into the open sea. The occasion was, with German precision, selected because by rare coincidence the state of the tide and the late rising of the moon presented tempting opportunity. Admiral Jellicoe, getting wind of the intention, made every preparation for meeting it. "Within twenty-four hours," said the great man jubilantly, the light of battle in his eyes, "the two fleets will be engaged in an action in its way commensurable with the fighting in Flanders or Poland." For three weeks I have respected the confidence reposed in me and abstained from allusion to this conversation. There is no possible harm in recalling it now. As we know, nothing happened. The explanation probably is that the Germans, knowing their secret was out, and that the British fleet, cleared for action, awaited them, at the last moment abandoned an intended surprise.

On the eve of the prorogation the Prime Minister was questioned as to the truth of the report that the only son of Prince and Princess Christian had joined the German Army, and was actively engaged in fighting the Allies, numbering among them the country which for nearly forty years has made handsome provision for his family household. Mr. Asquith, with evident reluctance, was obliged to answer in the affirmative. He made no reply to the direct question whether in such case the pension of £6,000 a year paid out of the national exchequer to the Princess Christian and her husband would be continued. The matter will not be allowed to remain as it stands. The Committee of Supply will, early in next year, afford an opening for further discussing the matter. It will be seized by the Labor party and the Radicals below the gangway. What can be done in such matters is shown by the fact that since the outbreak of war the annuity of £3,000 a year granted by Sir Robert Peel to the Princess Augusta of Cambridge (Grand Duchess Dowager of Mecklenberg-Strelitz) has been withdrawn.

The amazing fatuity of the Press Bureau is illustrated afresh by publication of Sir John French's second dispatch. This masterly document takes the form of a diary of operations on the far-flung battle-line in Flanders. The first entry is made on October 3, the final one on November 2. Even for the civilian this terse record of skilful generalship and dauntless courage is of profound interest. Much more keenly, because more intelligently, will it be studied by military men at home and abroad. But why in the name of common-sense should the earlier entries have been held over for nearly two months, the conclusion for four weeks? The official explanation will, of course, be the stereotyped one that in the public interest it is not desirable that the enemy should have early information of events—in which, by the way, they personally shared, and whose trend they (or those who survive) have for weeks brooded over with saddened recollection. There need be no indecent hurry in the matter. Supposing the diary had been published weekly. Being exclusively concerned with past events, it could not have been of slightest service to the enemy, while its comparatively prompt publication would have been gratefully accepted by a nation hungering and thirsting for news from the front. A characteristic touch of banality is added by the fact that, though the Field-Marshal's dispatch is dated November 20, and probably reached the War Office by special messenger on the following day, it was not circulated till ten days later, having in the meanwhile been pigeonholed in the office of the Secretary of State.

WESTMINSTER, December 12.

Evidence of Sir John French's desire to ease as much as possible the strain upon men at the front is forthcoming in an arrangement recently made whereby officers in rotation enjoy a term of five days' leave. This enables them to get home for practically three full days. Yesterday I had a visit from one of these holiday makers, and learned from his smiling lips some particulars of life in the trenches. It was marvellous to see this debonair young fellow, faultlessly dressed, and to realize the description of himself, laughingly told, as to his personal appearance only four days earlier—his face unwashed and unshaven, his war-worn khaki thickly crusted with mud, his shoes and puttees soaking wet in the flooded trenches. His delight in getting home, having a bath, a shave, a total change of clothing, and sitting down at a prettily furnished table, to eat a daintily cooked meal, was almost childish in its exuberance. Only one day more of it. But there was no trace of regret or repugnance in view of the prospect of forthwith returning to life in the trenches, with death momentarily at hand.

This is the state of mind, prevalent in all ranks, that minimizes the horrors of war and strengthens the heart and hand of our soldiers. They make the best of everything, especially of bully beef, which is their daily unvarying fare. It is, I learn, nothing more nor less than the best Argentine beef, packed in tins weighing a pound, one being a man's daily rations. It is ready cooked, but some of the men, naturally skilful, make out of it varied dishes. The officers, who share with their men the bully beef at lunch and dinner, generally manage to get a rasher of bacon served with their morning tea. It is always tea, no coffee. Native bread is a scarcity in Flanders, and the British troops are served from the produce of camp kitchens rigged up in the rear. Food is in abundance, all of excellent quality. None are more appreciative of this specialty of the campaign than the sprinkling of old soldiers who took part in the Boer War. Said one, munching a chunk of bread thickly plastered with excellent butter, "When we was in South Africa they used to give us dubbin for butter." Dubbin, I perhaps need hardly explain, is the nauseous, greasy substance which in wet weather is rubbed into heavy walking-boots. The story is obviously an exaggeration born of the high humor common to the trenches. But it not unfairly illustrates the difference between the daily lot of the British soldier at meal-times to-day and his condition under the lamentable administration, in big things and little, that marked the Boer War. Jam is popular and plentiful, and every man who cares for it has his daily "tot" of rum.

I showed the captain a postcard that reached me by the morning delivery, one of the regular shower of demands for subscriptions started by private persons with avowed intention of alleviating the lot of the soldier in the field and of his family left behind him. "A fund has been started," thus it runs, "to provide a £600 motor coffee stall for supplying hot coffee and soup to men in the trenches. Please send a shilling (not stamps) to Miss ——, and post a copy of this card to three friends (not mutual), signing your own name."

The project set forth in this admirably precise and concise fashion greatly added to the chronic amusement of the cheery captain. That a single motor coffee stall, even though it cost £600, should be of practical use along a line of trenches measured by scores of miles indicated appalling ignorance. How, he asked, was the coffee stall to approach the trenches within hailing distance? If that difficulty were overcome, did the lady propose that the men in the trenches would stroll out, cluster round the coffee stall, as is the custom at some corners of London streets, and leisurely toy with their cup of coffee or basin of soup? If they did, they would within five minutes be disturbed by the arrival of a fresh customer in the form of a shell that would make short work of the £600 coffee stall, its enterprising keeper, and the ring of customers. "The fact is," said the captain, "the conveyance of food to the trenches is one of the most difficult and dangerous bits of business in the campaign. It engages the services of a specially trained body of men, who can work only under shelter of the darkness of night."

Darkened London, through which citizens are beginning to learn how to grope their way at night, will presently have its condition paralleled by widely spread districts of the country. Last night householders in Hythe, Seabrook, Sandgate, Cheriton, New Romney, and Romney Marsh, all on the Kentish coast, were served by the Constabulary with peremptory orders to obscure their business and domestic lights. Notification is given that no shops, hotels, picture palaces, or other buildings will be permitted to show any exterior lights. The interior lighting of all shops will not be permitted to give extra illumination to the roads and streets, so that such illumination can be seen from the sea or sky. Where dark blinds are not partially drawn so as to obscure the interior lighting all lights visible from the roads or streets must be shaded blue or gray.

White or cream-colored blinds are ruled insufficient without extra shade. Red blinds must be shaded. Venetian blinds must be turned to obscure any lighting from within. Buildings with glass roofs or skylights must be adequately treated to prevent light being visible from the sea or from above. Proprietors and owners of public and private buildings are warned that any person or persons failing to comply with these regulations are liable, under the Defence of the Realm acts and recent orders in Council, to severe penalties, and that if necessary—"although it is hoped that there may be no occasion for it"—such penalties will be strictly enforced. I understand that similar notices have been distributed in all towns, hamlets, and villages along the east coast of England and Scotland.

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A Study of Sources

ENGLISH INFLUENCE IN COUNT VON BERNSTORFF'S ORATION.

In his celebrated oration on "The Development of Germany as a World Power," delivered before the American Academy of Political and Social Science on November 6, 1909, Count J. H. von Bernstorff, German Ambassador to the United States, exhibits a surprising amount of English influence. The oration was published as a supplement to the Annals of the Academy in January, 1910 (Vol. 35, at the back), and a sumptuous reprint was struck off marked "Copyright 1910, by the American Academy of Political and Social Science."

A comparison of this grave work with William Harbutt Dawson's book, "The Evolution of Modern Germany" (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1908. "All rights reserved"), makes it plain that, in the language of doctors' dissertations, "the two works exhibit remarkable coincidences of character, situation, and language." The coincidences begin comparatively early in the Oration. Thus, take this passage:

Impartial students of Germany's position will find themselves confronted by economic facts which alone sufficiently explain why Germany has to turn its attention to the expansion of its influence abroad. (Bernstorff, p. 11.)

The candid student of Germany's position finds himself confronted by economic facts which alone sufficiently explain why Germany is to-day turning its attention with increasing urgency to the expansion of its influence abroad. (Dawson, pp. 335-336.)

Or this, on the same page, after the orator has borrowed a few statistics and estimates (uncredited) of the tremendous growth of German population:

The question which these facts raise is primarily economic: how will this large population be employed; how will it live? (Bernstorff, p. 11.)

The questions which these facts raise are, of course, primarily physical and economic. Where will this large population live; how will it be employed; how will it be fed? (Dawson, p. 336.)

Or this, on the same page:

I cannot but think that if this fundamental fact of Germany's enormous annual increase of population were intelligently grasped, much of the unfortunate polemic to which my country's industrial expansion still gives rise in certain quarters would be moderated. (Bernstorff, p. 11.)

One cannot but think that if this fundamental fact of Germany's enormous annual increase of population were intelligently grasped, much of the unfortunate polemic to which that country's industrial expansion still gives rise in certain quarters would be moderated. (Dawson, p. 338.)

The rest of page 11 comes almost bodily out of Dawson, with the difference that it is word for word a long quotation from Dr. Paul Rohrbach's "Deutschland unter den Weltvölkern." Dr. Rohrbach receives due credit by Mr. Dawson, of the enemy, but no credit or mention from Count von Bernstorff, his compatriot.

Page 12 is similar, except that his Excellency skips playfully back and forth over pages 339, 340, 341, and 343 of Dawson. It is practically all clipped from Dawson, sentence by sentence. Compare:

Between a present national ratio of 300 persons per square mile and the ratio of Saxony, Rhineland, and Westphalia, there is a difference which represents a population of some forty millions, and within that limit there is clearly a very considerable capacity for expansion. This expansion can, however, only be on industrial and not on agricultural lines. There is no reason to believe that the corn-growing capacity of Germany is as yet exhausted, yet it is a fact, which points its own moral, that, in spite of the careful protection of the agricultural industry, the production of food corn, while it increases absolutely, has ceased to keep pace with the growth of the population. The best that can be hoped is therefore that for a time corn-growing will hold its own. (Bernstorff, p. 12.)

Between a present national ratio of 300 persons per square mile and the ratio of the West of Prussia there is, however, a difference which represents a population of some forty millions, and within that limit there is clearly a very considerable capacity for expansion. This expansion, will, however, be on industrial and not on agricultural lines. . . . There is no reason to believe that the corn-growing capacity of the country is as yet exhausted, yet it is a fact which points its own moral that, in spite of the careful protection of the agricultural industry, the production of food corn, while it increases absolutely, has ceased to keep pace with the growth of population. . . . The best that can be hoped, therefore, is that for a time corn-growing will hold its own, etc. (Dawson, pp. 340, 339.)

Dr. Rohrbach suffers depredations, as before, again on page 12, to the extent of a quarter of a page of his choicest conclusions, with no quotation marks. Dr. Rohrbach, let me add, is not the only German writer who thus is pillaged, for on page 10 of the Oration Professor E. Paulsen is made to contribute half a paragraph, *mot à mot*, with no credit, or mention.

Why waste good white paper in paralleling page 13, since the observed phenomena are the same? Here Herr Rohrbach's well-known conclusions on the value of colonies are incorporated with sure selection, but with true impartiality his Excellency has again been careful to omit Mr. Dawson's conscientious acknowledgment of the source. Some of the latter's remarks on the decline of German emigration to South America are clipped *literatim* to assure his Excellency's hearers that Germany has no designs on that continent.

We must contrast Mr. Dawson's moderate and generous treatment of Germany, rising at times to the dignity of chivalry, with the fashion in which the Ambassador uses the Englishman's material to further his own spiteful innuendo against England. Not only does his Excellency annex statements of fact, but he offers as his own Mr. Dawson's carefully argued opinions upon questions of German domestic politics, or else he first uses the original author's words, and then substitutes his own deductions.

To sum up, the core of the Ambassador's Oration is merely an appropriation from the English book. Omitting many courtly phrases, and some discussion of an American book on a similar subject, there remains little but Mr. Dawson's estimates, observations, researches, and conclusions throughout, with no mention of him anywhere. We congratulate his Excellency upon his good judgment in selecting authorities, but he does not flatter the American Academy of Political and Social Science in assuming it to be ignorant of Dawson, Rohrbach, and Paulsen.

BERT EDWARD YOUNG.

[One of our correspondents has received the following letter from Mr. Dawson, and asks that it be made public.—ED. THE NATION.]

KENERTON ROAD, BECKENHAM, ENGLAND.
9 October, 1914.

DEAR SIR: Will you accept my cordial thanks for your thoughtfulness in calling my attention to the wrongful and indefensible use made of my book, "The Evolution of Modern Germany," by Count Bernstorff, in the address on "The Development of Germany as a World Power" given by him before the American Academy of Political and Social Science (Philadelphia) and published in the annals of that institution? Hitherto I had not been aware that the Count had passed off as his own long passages taken from this book, but having now had an opportunity of reading the address as published, I can only confirm with regret your statement that a wholesale and quite unacknowledged appropriation of my labors has been made.

Not only does the Count annex passages containing statements of fact, but he even puts forward as his own my argued opinions upon various questions of German domestic politics. In other cases he first uses my words and then substitutes his own conclusions for mine—not a very ingenuous proceeding, I venture to think. My only comfort is that, where Count Bernstorff quotes from two German writers used, and of course named, by me in this book, he impartially claims authorship of these borrowed passages likewise.

Acting on your suggestion that this act of plagiarism should be disclosed, I am calling the attention of the American Academy of Political Science to the facts, and I do this with the greater justification since I observe that the Academy claims "copyright" for the Count's address, although to it, all unknowingly, I prove to have made a quite considerable contribution. Need I say that I attribute to that honorable body no responsibility for what has happened?

For the rest, I prefer to leave the matter to public, and especially literary, opinion, only adding the expression of a hope that the Count's ideas of literary integrity will not be reflected in his further activities either as an exponent of Germany or a critic of British political history and diplomacy.

Again thanking you for your courtesy, I am
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

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The Race Problem

ITS DANGERS AND OPPORTUNITIES—SIGNS THAT THE COUNTRY'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE NEGRO IS CHANGING FOR THE BETTER.*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

I.

The smouldering intensity of the race problem in America is well illustrated by the steady stream of books dealing with it which reaches the reviewer's desk. Every shade of opinion is usually represented, but in the list before us the hopelessly bitter anti-negro screed is fortunately lacking. It is a sign of good omen, as is the fact that the book of emotion and purely personal feeling without knowledge is less and less to the fore. Instead, we have a growingly serious effort by white and colored writers alike to deal in a scientific spirit with what is the least solved and least understood of our social problems; to apply to it the laboratory method so warmly urged as the necessary resolvent in all matters sociological.

I would not, of course, deny that the tract is still urgently needed. There is so much that cries out to high Heaven in our treatment of the negro that ardent appeals to the American conscience, to our spirit of justice and fair play, must still be in order. Dr. Du Bois's "Souls of Black Folk" remains the high-water mark of this form of writing, as is attested by its reaching its ninth edition—one of the few really great books to come out of the South since the loosening of the fetters. But notable as is this portraiture of a soul oppressed, there is the greatest need of still other forms of writing, such as the coldly scientific portrayal of historic fact and the calm analysis of the clashing elements in this social and political problem. There is, moreover, increasing need of interpreting not only the views and aspirations of one race to another in a friendly and helpful spirit, as does Booker Washington, but of approaching the Southern difficulties as a governmental question to which some answer must be found that is consonant with the grim realities—so grim as to make quite possible the appearance any day of a new "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Is it not incredible, in view of the magnitude and threatening character of the problem, that it remains practically untouched from an administrative point of view, that it is almost wholly overlooked by our governmental agencies, that our statesmen are indifferent to it? Even President Wilson, with his keen constructive mind, his readiness to tackle every other problem and to offer a solution for it, is content to pass this by when he can, or if he cannot, to lose his temper over a rudely aggressive recital of the race's wrongs, or to dismiss the question with a story as he did the other day when a group of Southern investigators called upon him. If it is the despair of our statesmanship, it is the despair of neglect and of cowardice. Republicans and Democrats alike shirk the issue, partly for lack of vision or a constructive programme, but always in dread of a prejudice which must be made to yield before the majesty of the laws of the land and of justice itself. Serious authors follow suit to the extent of treating the issue from every other point of view save that of government; they rarely deal with it as a domestic and social problem for which remedies must as certainly be found as for those concerning labor and capital or any others which menace the peace and happiness of the people of the United States. Instead we hear solemnly that the only way out is to govern the inferior race by violence, by defiance of law and order, by the negro's exclusion from a share in government as from its benefits. It is true that we have such helpful and valuable studies as Albert Bushnell Hart's "The Southern South." But the writer has yet to appear who can analyze the situation with that firmness of grasp which is characteristic of Lord Bryce's treatment of most of our difficult problems, and at the same time throw down the gauntlet to our dormant statesmanship.

Dormant it plainly is, for Washington is content either to approach the subject from the unblushing standpoint of prejudice, as illustrated by the scarcely checked effort to segregate the colored employees in the Federal departments and by the familiar Congressional diatribes of the professional negrophobes, or to ignore it; while our Federal courts have been as adept in dodging questions involving fundamental civic rights as our public is blind to the flat and defiant Southern violation of the Constitution. We have had President's commissions to deal with the rural-life problem and farmers' credits and banks. A new bureau concerns itself exclusively with children; and our forests have their especial Federal guardian. But there is no Government agency which devotes itself to studying scientifically the racial problems that have lately driven no less able a foreign observer than Sir Sydney Olivier, for five years Governor of Jamaica, and all his life close to the negro problem, to the belief that this country is again headed straight for civil war unless our responsible statesmen turn squarely about and move in the contrary direction from that which is marked for the wayfarer by disfranchisement, the Jim Crow car, and latterly the establishment of black ghettos in our Southern cities.

And so race friction grows apace, South and North; in the South economic pressure, the upward strivings of blacks and poor whites, the machinations of the pothouse politicians who misgovern them both; the shocking failure to give a real education to the children of the South, and particularly to those of the freedmen; the constant wedging apart of the races in their social life by new restrictive legislation planned, passed, and enforced by the white men to suit their will—these developments are full of menace, since they are conceived by passion and prejudice. Only in some of the Southern colleges is there beginning a movement to find a way out of the terrible morass of hatred and injustice into which both races are sinking.

In the North the influx of colored multitudes finds us less willing, if anything, to give a square deal to the individual than in the South; finds our labor unions bitterly hostile; our cities unready to take them in hand, to render them useful citizens, to mould them to their commercial needs. We shudder at their squalor and then deny them the means of livelihood to rise beyond it; we, too, would restrict their habitat if they depress our land values and so touch our pocket nerve. But to take them up as a burden and as a study, whether we dread, or despise or like them—there are few individuals of us, indeed, who are ready to take the trouble, our invaded municipalities least of all.

II.

But that there is a leaven stirring appears clearly from the volumes before us. The great book is not yet there; we must still wait for a Jacob Riis to touch the public heart on behalf of the black children, big and little, the outcasts who are truly the wards of the nation, but are treated not even like step-children. This group of books does represent a sane and earnest effort to reach the truth from the several standpoints of the writers. From the colored race comes Prof. Kelly Miller's collection of essays, "Out of the House of Bondage." Always well written and full of interesting and valuable facts, Professor Miller's works place him in the small group of foremost colored writers of which the other two are Booker Washington and Du Bois. He speaks invariably with scientific calmness, and it would be difficult to find elsewhere so compact and judicial a story of the negro's rise from slavery as is contained in the essay which gives this volume its title. Professor Miller does not minimize the race's faults in this survey of its wonderful achievements, nor does he dwell long upon its progress as valued in material units. What he does ask is how far the negroes have acquired the capacity "to become not merely recipients but partakers of the life and spirit and power of that civilization of which they would constitute a part." As to that, he admits that they have yet to begin; that most of their energy has been spent in grasping the meaning of knowledge, and that there is little dynamic power left. But Professor Miller looks forward to a wonderful change in this respect during the next fifty years. His is a

**Out of the House of Bondage.* By Kelly Miller. New York: The Neale Publishing Co.; $1.50 net.

In Freedom's Birthplace: A Study of the Boston Negroes. By John Daniels. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.; $1.50.

Race Orthodoxy in the South. By Thomas Pearce Bailey. New York: The Neale Publishing Co.; $2 net.

In Black and White: An Interpretation of Southern Life. By L. H. Hammond. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.; $1.25 net.

Democracy and Race Friction. By John Moffat Mecklin. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Ezekiel. By Lucy Pratt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

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cheerful, hopeful note throughout, whether dealing with the negro in politics, or his education, or the present-day weakness of his clergy. He has vision and faith and what few white writers possess—an appreciation of the fact that fifty years of liberty is too short a time in which to pass any final verdict upon a people: "in the economy of racial life a half-century is scarce more than a single year in the experience of an individual." More than that, in his own detachment and his grasp of principles, he shows a breadth that should insure his being one of the first chosen for counsel if the dominant forces in our political life should ever realize that the initial step towards solving the negro problem is to call into partnership the colored leaders themselves.

Mr. John Daniels's study of the Boston negroes, like Miss Ovington's similar inquiry among New York's black people, is precisely the kind of painstaking inquiry into a local problem which must be the basis of sound knowledge of the situation in the North. He has not limited himself wholly to local phenomena, but has given the national background as well, one chapter, for instance, comprising an admirable summary of the Abolition movement in Massachusetts and of the service of the colored soldiers from that State. If the judicial attitude is sometimes lost, as in his discussion of the split among the colored people over the teachings of Booker Washington, to whose side the author clearly leans, there is a great deal that is informatory as to the actual achievements of the colored people in the home of Abolition. He does not always know how to make good use of his material, but he does clearly explain the change in the feeling which has left the Boston public, if not actually hostile, at least indifferent to the colored man. He does not hesitate to set forth the chief weakness of the negro group as a political entity. This is "an inability to subordinate personal and minor differences to an inclusive and effective organization and a general fixed policy" and a tendency "to be jealous and envious of each other's success, to quarrel and to split into continually changing factions"—a truth which adequately accounts for the failure of one national political organization of colored men after another. Yet if Mr. Daniels discovers inherent individual weaknesses which in his opinion render the average Boston negro inferior to the average white man, he is none the less certain that the race has genuine contributions to make to the national life, and ends his book with the hopeful note that in Boston, as in the nation, "this people will eventually attain the position at once of self-respect and of worthy recognition," despite the negro's backwardness and weaknesses and the white man's prejudice.

III.

The three books from Southern sources in the list are full of encouragement because all are sympathetic and not one of them accepts unreservedly the prevailing Southern opinion. Dr. Bailey, a professor in the University of Mississippi, for instance, realizes the need of scientific inquiry upon which I have touched, and dwells upon it most earnestly in the series of papers he has made into a volume. He complains justly that we have not even analyzed what race prejudice really is, and as to the social problem itself he exclaims: "How few are the first-class men that are making this most baffling, distressing, and imminent of human problems the object of devoted and patient scientific investigation." From the Southern contention that all is well with the negro in the South when left to the Southern whites and not interfered with by Northern philanthropists, he strips the lamb's skin to call the negro's situation "a direful tragedy." More than that, he admits frankly that fine as are the Southern white folk, the "situation is too much for them. We cry out strenuously, Let us solve our own problem! But we are not solving it; indeed, the complication of it is growing. . . . So, while we need not cease talking and writing about the negro problem, let us study it in the light of twentieth-century science and Christianity." Since the negro is not getting a fair show, colonization seems to Professor Bailey a possible solution from which the cost will not deter the nation, not even, he thinks, if it should take the price of several Panama Canals. But he sees, of course, that this is not possible in short order to-day, any more than it was when first earnestly urged some seventy years ago in the heat of the Abolition struggle. He admits frankly that immediate and wholesale deportation is "a futile dream" for the present. His hope lies, therefore, in a "parallel civilization for the colored folk." Just what that is to be he knows not, for history shows nothing upon which to base it; he can only urge it as a question for that long-continued scientific study for which his book is a brief. If it contains no other practical suggestion than this, his effort is none the less worth while; for it is, first, the quiet answer which the thinking South is beginning to make to its own demagogues, and, secondly, it is illuminated by the obvious desire to do justice and by his readiness to state truths unpalatable to his section, as, for instance, that "no human question can be regarded as permanently settled when one people remains subordinate to another simply on account of racial differences."

Less satisfactory, though written with more of the scientific spirit and much learning, is the "Democracy and Race Friction" of Prof. John Moffat Mecklin, professor of philosophy in the University of Pittsburgh. It is an attempt to support scientifically the prevailing Southern opinion, to explain Southern inconsistencies and cruelties on the familiar ground of group solidarity, race consciousness, and the intermarriage question. It assumes the negroes to be almost hopelessly immoral and judges them as though their record of fifty years permitted the last word, without a realization, of course, that the negro in the South is precisely what the white man who owned him body and soul in slavery days and now controls him, socially, economically, and politically, has made him. But even he has written a tract which the Southern point of view could hardly have produced fifteen or twenty years ago. Thus, he denounces Mr. Vardaman as the type of demagogue who has made "unscrupulous use" of race antagonism to achieve office and has aggravated conditions so that the races in Mississippi are farther apart than ever. Again, while dwelling always upon the inferiority of the negro race and the theory of group differentiation, and denouncing the intellectual leaders like Du Bois who tell the negro that there is no goal too high for him to aspire to, he none the less writes the following:

> It is wiser to admit the negro to all the stimulus and inspiration of the white's social heritage, in so far as this does not endanger the integrity of the social heritage itself, than to encourage an ignorant and debased citizenship by his neglect and repression. It is, of course, entirely obvious that every murder, or lynching bee, or cowardly terrorizing of a weaker race sets free subtle educative sources which react upon both groups. It furnishes "social copy" for the rising generation of blacks and whites which will be built into the fabric of their personalities, brutalizing and barbarizing their own souls and ultimately cheapening the whole tone of the civilization of the future.

But to admit the negro to all the stimulus and inspiration of the white's heritage is surely an extremely dangerous practice for those who believe in having one race up and the other down. In another place he writes that there cannot be the same interpretation of equality before the law for whites and blacks. But if you admit the latter to the stimulus and heritage of the white race, how can you prevent their aspiring to equality before the law upon which the Anglo-Saxon primarily insists? The only safe way is to deny them everything; anything else is equal in folly to keeping the Russian peasants illiterate in order that they may not become enemies of the existing monarchical order. Again, at one place Professor Mecklin asserts that there are "*fundamental* racial differences," and then declares that these are found "only at the lower level of instinct, impulse, and temperament, and do not, therefore, admit of clear definition. . . ."

There are other inconsistencies, and there is plenty to make the knowing smile, as the matter of negro immorality, where, as usual, there is no real appreciation of the guilt of the white man during three centuries. Repeatedly Professor Mecklin shrinks from the logic of his own conclusions; repeatedly his humanity interferes with his argument. He means to be just and kindly and to write without bitterness (though the tone is always one of condescension), and so he is compelled at the end to the conclusion that the thing to do is "to accept the situation as it is, with all the complications arising from segregation and race antipathy, and to

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insist upon a stern, even-handed justice based upon equality of consideration"—but, marvellously enough, that is to be done by a varying interpretation of equality before the law! "This implies, of course," Professor Mecklin continues, "that each individual, as well as each racial group, is to be free to find a natural level in society. This implies also competition of the most vigorous and comprehensive nature, industrial, moral, cultural, and even ethnic. It means the elimination of the unfit and the preservation of the fit. Most important of all, it means in the end a healthy and permanent progressive civilization. This is the only effective method history has thus far revealed of testing and preserving that which is ultimately and supremely worth while."

With this Professor Mecklin completes his boxing of the compass, for this, together with absolute equality before the law, is all that the most violent Northern partisans of the negro have ever asked. They demand merely that the negro be freed from injustice and handicaps due to color, in order that he may find his natural level; the negroes, too, have insisted that this is the only way to peace and happiness in the republic. Aspiring colored people will find nothing in Professor Mecklin's book to worry them. Indeed, they may well take courage from it. If this is the best presentation of the old-fashioned anti-negro case that can be made, it is evident that it is losing steadily, being weakened both by its lack of logic and by its conflict with the humanitarian tendency of the age.

The same fine new humanitarian note that runs through these Southern writings is struck even more clearly by Mrs. L. H. Hammond in her "In Black and White." No one can peruse the earnest, moving volume from the pen of this Southern woman without understanding why it is that Northern negrophiles are now looking largely to the South for hope and encouragement. She, too, has found, after years of work, that the need is to ascertain and to face the facts. As Dr. James H. Dillard has put it in his introduction to her volume: "The problem of the South to-day is how to find voices and hearings for her best thoughts and sentiments." Behind all the cant and hypocrisy of the demagogues, behind all the cowardice of legislators, clergy, and public men, and the horrors of the mob, there is a stirring of conscience in the South and a growing realization that the white men and women of that section are not doing justice in their treatment of the colored people. How soon will it find potent voice? How soon will the terrorism of public opinion cease to dominate the liberal spirits who must in any such undertaking face abuse and ostracism, if needs be, because they can no longer hold back the truth? Upon the answer to that question depends largely the progress this country will make towards a solution of the problem. One of the leading Southerners in public life to-day, who years ago came North to breathe a freer air, tells of returning to his former home and spending a long evening with old comrades, the leading citizens of the town, in a discussion—the inevitable discussion—of the negro. He found to his satisfaction that they held his own radical, for the South rather revolutionary, views, and as he rose to go he said: "Now, boys, I have got clearly in mind all that you have said, and I shall publish it to-morrow." There was a wild rush for him. "By heavens, Smith," they cried in unison, "you shall not leave this room alive unless you swear to do nothing of the kind." He promised, of course; and his playmates of boyhood days continue to suppress their real thoughts and bow down to the God of things as they are.

How much longer is this padlocking of the lips to continue? Not long, if we may judge by Mrs. Hammond's book, in which one finds, as in the frank and noble utterances of the speakers at the recent Southern Sociological Congress, a readiness to come out and tell of things as they exist, and not as they appear to the eyes of multitudes who think to see what they would have. It is a plain, homely volume, full of happy illustrations and a clear understanding of human nature, breathing a spirit of good will towards everybody, and distinguished by true religious feeling. Her kindliness towards the negro and keen appreciation of what is good in him recalls the philosophy and the rare understanding of negro nature which marks "Ezekiel"—the sympathetic child creation of a Northern woman, Miss Lucy Pratt, which valuable book, it is pleasant to note, is now being reissued, for a large sale, we hope, to young and old, by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin, of Boston. Mrs. Hammond's insight and philosophy enable her to say: "The only basis for living between man and man, whether low or high, which is safe for either is justice." And she is keen to see that where there is less than justice the danger is ever greater for the oppressor than for the oppressed. The time will soon come when utterances like these will be a commonplace from the South. They are notable now, from a white source, as is this wise and noble sentiment:

> My only fear for white supremacy is that we should prove unworthy of it. If we fail there, we shall pass. Supremacy is for service. It is suicide to thrust other races back from the good which we hold in trust for humanity. For him who would be the greatest the price is still that he shall be the servant of all.

Therein lies much of the philosophy of the problem; that it is coming to be taught in the section which fifty-six years ago was locking up in penitentiaries white women who dared to instruct negroes how to read and write, is a happening to cheer the most pessimistic. One must be blind indeed not to see, despite surface discouragements and friction in many places, which way the deep, underlying current is setting.

If the books that are being put forth leave no doubt about the new humanitarian note in the South, this only emphasizes again the necessity for the country's administrators to busy themselves more about it and to grapple with it as a national problem.

Poetry

A POET OF BELGIANS—EMILE VERHAEREN.

PARIS, November 16.

There has been talk lately of electing Maurice Maeterlinck to a seat in the French Academy. It would certainly be the highest testimonial of esteem and sympathy which intellectual France could offer to Belgians in their national affliction; but it is without precedent and perhaps impossible, since the French Academy, of its essence, is for French Immortals. Maeterlinck asks that, if any honor is to be done, it should go to an older and, he adds modestly, to a better man—Emile Verhaeren. "Any writer with patience enough can do my prose, but not Verhaeren's inspired poems."

Verhaeren, beyond doubt, fulfils the tradition that discerns a divine spark in the true poet—*sacer vates.*

> The complaining millions of men
> Darken in labor and pain;
> But he was a priest to us all
> Of the wonder and bloom of the world,
> Which we saw with his eyes, and were glad.

He has lived to write in plain prose, more tragical than any verse, the present dark hours of "Bleeding Belgium." But, from the beginning, his whole poetic work has been to make known the labor and pain, the wonder and bloom of the world of Belgians. It is in the cruel revenges of time that Stefan Zweig* should have pronounced: "Verhaeren is to-day part and parcel of German culture; and much of our contemporary lyric poetry, its welcome turning to optimism, for example, would be unthinkable but for his work and influence!"

By Goldsmith's "lazy" Scheldt, not far from Antwerp, Emile Verhaeren was born nearly sixty years ago in the plain-lands which he has painted in strong verse feebly rendered by these literal lines:

> Round the least village where the bell-tower,
> Tufted with its gilt weathercock and shining
> with slates,
> Grows up over houses a few yards high—
> Close to a fishing town, close to a gardening
> town—
> Here where the dikes quick bar the sight,
> There were black oxen low in the earth-
> mould,
> And further where a sail half-seen
> And red on a background transparent, enamelled,
> Hints of waves and the morning song
> Of boatmen making for the open and the river
> Slashed by the sun-rays' swords of gold—
> Everywhere—be it flax-field or oat-field,
> Corner of rye or clover square or meadow
> wedge—
> Everywhere, to beyond the purpled horizon—
> The green immensity of plains and plains!

And that, till present waste and ruin, was Flemish land—*Toute la Flandre*, with its "garland of downs" in Verhaeren's volumes. After the wont of its *bourgeois* fam-

**Verhaeren.* By Stefan Zweig. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2 net.

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ilies, his speech from the beginning was French and he has uttered Flanders in verse genuinely French, though racy of the natal soil. For his training in letters he was sent to the Jesuits' College in Ghent, where another poet articulate of Belgium—kindly Georges Rodenbach, who disappeared too soon in the full success of Paris—sat with him on the benches, and where, a little later, came that early-dying genius, Charles Van Lerberghe, and Grégoire Le Roy, and Maurice Maeterlinck. Of these Verhaeren has said: "Their sadness and gentleness, their subtle feeling and talent fed on memories and tenderness and silence, wove a wreath of pale violets round the forehead of Flanders."

Verhaeren's colors were robuster, as appeared when his "Flamandes" ("Flemish Women") exploded in 1883 on the little old-fogy world of Belgium. He had finished some time before his five years of law at Louvain, the university now burned by hordes of culture. The light-hearted journal which he published with student comrades—"the four greatest poets of the epoch"—had been suppressed by the University authorities. Zola was writing of "Earth," of whose delving he had not man's experience; and an apparent likeness of method fixed on the new poet the discredited label of Naturalism. Camille Lemounier, who led the feared school, came to his defence; but the friends best able to plead in his favor could say little more to the accusation of *impudeur massive* than to hail in him a *tempérament*. Among his own tumultuous verses he inserted an aggressive Apologia in the name of "Flemish Art":

> Your brushes knew not face-paint,
> Indecencies and naughty pranks,
> Things understood of vices
> That wink the eye in Art to-day.
> . . . . . .
> In the splendor of landscapes
> And gold-panelled palaces,
> In purple and ornament
> Sumptuous from the antique age,
>
> Your women reeked with health,
> Red-blooded and white with fat,
> And they led the rout in leash
> With airs of royalty.

Ruskin had his own opinion of Flemish art, as he explained freely. Without prejudice, in this early period, Verhaeren is surely excessive. He looked too confidingly at his Flemish "Old Masters":

In smoky dives where hams are hung,
Black sausages, candles and bladders,
Clusters of partridges, clusters of turkeys,
Enormous strings of stuffed fowls
Spotting with their pink flesh the black ceiling's corner—
In a circle, round meats heaped on the table,
Blood following the fork in their flank on the platter—
All these whom gluttony seats heavily at table,
Craesbeke, Brakenburgh, Teniers, Dusart, Brauwer,
With Steen biggest and drunkenest in the middle,
Gather, chins dripping, vest open,
Mouths full of laughter, bellies full of pork.

It is unsafe to transpose Art into Life, and the three appetites to which Goethe limited man in his "Xenien" are never all man. Verhaeren, in these last days, has had cruel proof of his early misjudgment of "The Peasants":

Men of the plough, so mawkish made by Greuze
In the soft colors of his peasantries,
So clean of dress, so ruddy-white that 'tis
A pattern gay to see 'mid gingerbread
Of Louis Quinze salons, making pastels alive—
Look at them here, black, coarse, and animals—such they are.
. . . . . .
Their country? Come now? Who among them believes in it?

Bleeding, wandering Belgium answers, after thirty years, for the Flemish peasants. The inexperienced poet, like Zola for the French, has simply verified another of Goethe's penetrating criticisms of Man as he lives:

Shrewd Sir Philistine sees things so,
Who all his life on the outside passes.

Ever since, half of Verhaeren's poetry has been a refutation of his younger excess. Within three years' time, he brought out his first Paris volume—poems on "The Monks." He had wandered often in his childhood through the cloisters of a near-by monastery of St. Bernard; and it is said he returned for a "retreat" in gestation of these verses which, indeed, might not shock their subjects, but would leave all sorts of spiritual reserves to—these white-robed guardians of Christian thoughts,
Who stay at sunset brooding o'er the world.
. . . . . .
From what horizons dark, from what far lands of gold
Do you run to the cloister's threshold, dry and dun,
Great Christian ascetics, who alone still hold,
Upright, your dead God over the modern world?

From a short notice like this, the winding course of the poet's changing art could not be understood. By 1890, he was plunging his readers in "Novembral seas," not unlike those in which Nietzsche drowned and which were perhaps only the fog of the great world-city whose pave he was beating:

O my evening soul, this black London dragging through thee!

With the years came quiet—which is a manner of speaking—with successive volumes of such verse as "Hallucinated Countrysides," "Illusory Villages," "Tentacular Cities." Belgians woke up to find they had a poet, in some ways the greatest since Victor Hugo. And, amid their celebrating him, he kept on in a renewed art that deals with little people—miller and bell-ringer and blacksmith and the cord-maker in Flemish fields. So it has gone on, through many volumes, intenser, deeper, in spite of frequent volcanic titles—"Tumultuous Forces" and "Multiple Splendor." And, with others still, there are the four crowning volumes of "All Flanders"—tender, melancholic, heroic—and a play which is rather a poem of "Philip the Second," who also knew Flemings.

Here is the poet's outlook on "The Poor" in the later book—"Faces of Life":

Thus are poor hearts—with lakes of tears within them,
Pale like the tombstones—of a cemetery.

Thus are poor shoulders—weighted more with toil and burdens
Than roofs of brown hovels—amid the downs.

Thus are poor hands—like leaves on the roads,
Like leaves dead and yellow—in front of the door.

Thus are poor eyes—lowly, kind, and heedful,
Sadder than animal's eyes—under the storm.

Thus are poor folk—weary of gesture, indulgent,
And Want gnaws fiercely at them—all along Earth's plains.

Still, Verhaeren's poetry looks onward "To the Future":

O race of man, bound to the golden stars,
Hast thou felt the fearful, beating travail
That sudden, since a hundred years,
Shakes thine unmeasured strength?

And elsewhere:

Vast hope, from the unknown, displaces
The old balance which our souls have loathed;
Nature seems to be carving
A new face for her eternity.

Now, at the last, his thought has become precise:

Since thou art raging, devastating war,
How virginal and beautiful again the words
Of peace and liberty, of right and justice!

S. D.

Book Notes and Byways

THE "TRUCE OF GOD."

(Some Christmas Parallels.)

The time draws near the birth of Christ,

and inevitably we think of the Magi and the Star. Something marks off this day from other days. However much the distance between us and the church has widened, however unorthodox we may be, the old story keeps its spell. Of whatever creed or shade of faith, we recognize in this season the distinctive anniversary of the founding of our civilization. "Cette obscure clarté qui tombe des étoiles," that pale light which fell from the star which, in the story, the shepherds followed, marks the end and the beginning of our Christian year. So it has been for centuries, and so many men had fondly hoped that it would be for generations who shall call this time ancient, "Che questo tempo chiameranno antico," as Dante says.

Is it still possible, even for those by nature inclined to do so, to read the old message in the old way? Civilization has indeed withstood the shock of many a war and many an invasion, yet it is undoubtedly true that we have now set up a sign-post on the road towards the future. The year that has passed has been a serious year for thinking men. Its events have challenged our entire civilization and somewhat more than other men are we, of the universities, indicted when our civilization is condemned. A single analogy proves nothing, to be sure, or a single contrast, but perhaps an historical incident will help to show us the way that we are going.

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With deep regret the head of the Catholic Church has uttered his "non possumus." We are told that the fighting in the trenches and over the Polish marshes must go on. In what our historians have taught us to call the Dark Ages, there were times when a hush fell over battles and when in the midst of fiercest conflict man's nobler spirit called a pause. Nor was this mere complacent pacifism; it was in the day of wars and fighting bishops, between the times of Hildebrand and Turpin. Yet for a few brief days, at least, during the "Truce of God," no sword was lifted, and a little space to gather the harvest or to observe with due solemnity some sacred anniversary was covered by inviolable peace. How the apologists have attacked the pagan Romans who fell upon the Christian Alaric when he and his warring Goths paused to worship and dreamed themselves secure under the special sanctity of Easter! Let us recall that the Council of Toulouges, in 1041, ordered that all wars be suspended during holidays and Sundays, during Advent and Lent, and during the second half of each week. It has sometimes been held that this was quite ineffective. Such can hardly have been the case, for fifty-four years later the order was confirmed and extended to all Christian countries by that Council of Clermont which decreed the first crusade. An entirely ineffectual decree would hardly have been thus extended.

Have we changed since the days of Alaric the Goth? In such matters "When in doubt, read Gibbon," is an excellent rule. He cites as a particularly illuminating incident in those unhappy times, the fate of an aged Veronese in the year 400:

"The old man, who had passed his simple and innocent life in the neighborhood of Verona, was a stranger to the quarrels both of kings and bishops; his pleasures, his desires, his knowledge, were confined within the little circle of his paternal farm; and a staff supported his aged steps, on the same ground where he had sported in his infancy. Yet even this humble and rustic felicity (which Claudian describes with so much truth and feeling) was still exposed to the undistinguishing rage of war. His trees, his old *contemporary* trees, must blaze in the conflagration of the whole country; a detachment of Gothic cavalry might sweep away his cottage and his family; and the power of Alaric could destroy this happiness, which he was not able either to taste or to bestow."

If we read Lodz or Dixmude for Verona, and Poland or Belgium for Italy, in what way do they differ?

"Fame," says the poet, "encircling with terror her gloomy wings, proclaimed the march of the Barbarian army." To-day we are told that it is not fame but fate. In spelling the difference is slight, and it may be that in sense, too, the difference is merely on the surface. It may be that the fame of one is the fate of another.

But to-day no truce shall fall, and yet men who sat with us on college benches are at the front and more are helping to bring the wounded from their trenches to their beds. How shall we make answer? What shall we say? We, who are more deeply involved in, and more narrowly responsible for, the spiritual tides of our time? Is this any serious index of change? Or in our softness are we too easily shocked? In any case let us face the facts. Can there be any such thing as a permanent "peace with honor"? If so, under what moral dispensation? If not, and if we must fight, let us prepare ourselves to fight well. Can we still think with old Sir Thomas Browne that man is a "noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave," or must we look upon him as the "blond beast" of a later school; can we still believe with as naïve a faith those other lines of a poet whom the schools expound:

> "God's in his Heaven
> All's right with the world"?

It may be that our own human power is very slight, that in the world's way (which is perhaps not "good") it is not at all decisive; that, after all, as the mystic said, "God swings the earth like a trinket from his wrist"; it may be that we are again under the sway of another *ἀνάγκη*, of a fate that rules not only the destiny of individuals, but a new *ἀνάγκη* which presides inexorably over the destiny of nations. The view has been offered for our consideration by colleagues from over-sea. For all the sombre grandeur in which this new conception is framed, and for all its ancient sanction, may it not be that it is merely the last infirmity of not quite noble minds who, finding themselves in a position for which, under existing moral sanctions, there is no excuse, and before the world, no justification, are merely taking refuge in an outworn academic form to ask us to stop thinking—in order that we may agree with them? This cowering attitude towards fate is either justified by the way of the world and we must stop blithering about morals, or it is false and we must pass judgment and speak our minds like men.

No Christmas bells shall this year ring good will and peace for Poland or for Belgium. Shall the rest be silence? Under the spur of our necessity in these morally dark days surely we have need of honest thinking, of some new message, or some unequivocal reaffirmation of the old. A new generation cannot grow up to manhood in this silence and in this moral neutrality which is merely another name for moral cowardice. We need not take sides for one nation as against another, but if fate is not the *ultima ratio mundi*, principles must be involved, and we must take sides for one principle as against another. When some half million of our fellow-Christians (and some Turks) have been slaughtered; when ten or fifteen millions are homeless and facing famine; when almost every day some battleship is sent to the bottom with her thousand "souls," as we might sink rubble in a caisson, the silence of a Christian nation begins to look like moral bankruptcy. We need not despair of civilization if some millions have violated a principle, if disinterested men still have the courage at least publicly to affirm it; but this silence is suffocating. "While Boethius," we are told, "oppressed with fetters, expected each moment the sentence or the stroke of death, he composed in the Tower of Pavia, the 'Consolation of Philosophy'; a golden volume, not unworthy of the leisure of Plato or Tully, but which claims incomparable merit from the barbarism of the times and the situation of the author." How much nobler was the attitude of this Roman of the Decadence; and how much nobler was the spirit of that free-thinking Condorcet who, knowing that he was himself to be led to the guillotine, yet spent his last days in writing his "History of Human Progress" and in extolling the true principles of that misguided Revolution, of which he was himself the victim!

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

Princeton, N. J.

Correspondence

"DEUTSCHLAND UEBER ALLES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Schuetze bitterly complains, in the current *Nation*, of Mr. Galsworthy's "mistranslation" of "Deutschland über Alles" into "Germany above everything." He says: "Mr. Galsworthy distorts into a jingo slogan an innocent avowal of loyalty to country. The meaning of the line is: 'Germany, Germany, dear to me above all things.'" That may be Professor Schuetze's meaning when he sings "Deutschland über Alles," but that it is implicit in the line itself can scarcely be maintained.

Professor Schuetze should reserve some of his indignation for Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, who also translates the same line for the benefit of the readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* (November 21) as "Germany above everything."

Is it possible that, to the German mind, Dernburg is right and Galsworthy wrong? It may be so. For four long months the mental processes, not only of the warriors, heroes, and War Lords of Germany, but also those of her statesmen, philosophers, and theologians, have been the object of unadmiring astonishment to the rest of the civilized world.

Professor Schuetze should turn his attention, while he is on the subject of mistranslations, to Dr. Dernburg's rendering into English—again for the benefit of Americans—of the succeeding line of the same stanza. The "Schutz und Trutz" for which "her sons ever stand united" Dr. Dernburg translates: "Defence and Protection." Is there the slightest authority for softening "Trutz" into "protection"? Would not "Defence and Defiance" be more in accord with both the root significance and the actual every-day meaning of "Trutz"? Is not, for example, a "Trutz- und Schutz-Bündniss" an "offensive and defensive alliance"? There could be no valid objection to Germany's singing about this, but why try to deceive us as to the meaning of her song?

Is it possible that the more accurate translation did not sufficiently harmonize with Dr. Dernburg's description of "Deutschland über Alles" as "a song of modesty"?

One may indeed be defiant when on the defensive, and even Modesty, when outraged, may not only "blush like scarlet," but also have "defiance in her eye." But the picture of a shy, shrinking, blushing Germany singing "Deutschland über Alles" as, armed to the teeth, she desolates Belgium; or even as, more peaceably, she practices the goose-step in the presence of her Generals and Field-Marshals, seems to have elements of psychological confusion. Possibly, Professor Münsterberg will help us.

A convention of the German and German-American apologists for the purpose of deciding upon authorized versions of German songs and speeches should be held at once. After that, perhaps, we should not find that the Imperial Chancellor's speech to the Reichstag had been "mistranslated," and that, as Dr. Dernburg has discovered, he—the Chancellor—never dreamed of admitting that by the invasion of Belgium any "wrong" had been done. He was thought to have said this, and, indeed, by his silence under

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world-wide criticism, would seem to have thought so himself. Now, Dr. Dernburg tells us that all he meant to say was that "the neutrality of Belgium could not be respected." Nor would we have our Department of State officially announcing that Germany had, in a communication, denied the "intention" to "seek expansion in South America," while Dr. Dernburg transforms the same document into a "solemn declaration . . . fully to respect the Monroe Doctrine."

It would be easy but wearisome to cite many more examples of the obvious and rather clumsy attempts of the German protagonists to prepare their output for a supposed American market. On their wares the customary label, "Made in Germany," might now well be replaced by one reading: "Made for America."

J. WILLIAM WHITE.

Philadelphia, December 9.

THE GENTLENESS OF WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a pity that German apologists, writing to enlist the sympathy of Americans, can never be brought to appreciate the value of an understatement. If they would assert a little less, we could believe a great deal more. If they did not whitewash so vigorously, we should not suspect so much dirt. Herr Heinrich Friedrich Albert has contributed to the December issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* a paper on "German Methods of Conducting the War," in which he points out blandly that war, so conducted, far from resembling Hell, is a pretty close approach to Heaven. The Prussian soldier, as painted by Herr Albert, is what old-fashioned people used to call "too good for earth." Shelley's apostrophe to Emilia Viviani,

> Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,

is the only description which can be found to fit him.

Of course, all charges of cruelty are swept aside as of "psychopathic origin." Herr Albert wastes no time on *them*, but proceeds at once to make clear to us the benignant nature of Zeppelins and airships, which are far more "humane" than artillery, and which, by compelling the speedy surrender of a fortress, "may spare many thousands of lives, and property of incalculable value." Even when the bombs are dropped upon cities not under siege, "a calm and judicious consideration" will soften our prejudice against them. They were never intended, for example, to destroy life in Paris. "The bombs were meant for the wireless station on the Eiffel Tower." If the inconspicuous nature of the Tower concealed it from observation, the blame, we presume, rests with the French, who should have built it higher.

As for the burning of Louvain, Herr Albert clears the invading troops of all responsibility, and practically of all participation in the deed. He does not even admit, with those delightful German professors who put forth their appeal, "To the Civilized World," that German soldiers "with aching hearts were obliged to fire a part of the town"— a purely academic view of militarism. Herr Albert's soldiers behaved better than that. All they tried to do (and who can blame them?) was to defend themselves against the furious attack of Louvain civilians. When, "during this fighting *fires broke out* which spread with terrific speed over the city," they risked their lives to rescue the Town Hall, and "works of art endangered by the flames." All this time the Louvainers, indifferent to the fate of their city, fired "incessantly" at the brave men engaged in the work of preservation. "Unfortunately, it was not found possible to save the valuable library of the University."

What a picture of magnanimity! Nothing like it in history. Nothing much like it in fiction. Why not accept the simpler statement of a patriotic German editor who announced that the Belgians, instigated by the English, burned Louvain, in order to "foul the fair name of Germany"?

The levying of indemnities is another point "much misunderstood." The practice seems at first sight an unkind one, and there are some troublesome Hague regulations, which, if respected, would spoil all a conqueror's sport. But Herr Albert assures us that these huge sums are demanded "to discourage sniping, and for the administration of occupied territory." They are in the nature of ordinary taxes. True, no dollar of them has been wasted so far in feeding the starving or sheltering the homeless Belgians. This evidently does not come within the province of practical administration. But, if Belgians starve, the fault (and this we never should have suspected) lies at the door of England. "There seem to be plans under consideration by the German Government to feed the Belgian population by importing foodstuffs," says Herr Albert vaguely; and these nebulous plans are in danger of being frustrated by England's wicked efforts to seize such foodstuffs as contraband of war. How can kind-hearted Germany feed innocent Belgium when England stays her hand?

The destruction of the Cathedral of Rheims is the episode which of all others we have least understood, and this is because we were, many of us, ignorant of the amazing circumstance which made such destruction "a military necessity." We are ignorant no longer. A German official report, quoted at length by Herr Albert, states that the Commander-in-Chief gave orders to spare the Cathedral, "so long as the enemy refrained from using it to his advantage." The French, thinking to profit by such forbearance, dispatched "a military observer" to the roof. This observer, unlike the Eiffel Tower, was visible from afar. "It was necessary to dislodge him," and by the time he was dislodged—though the firing then ceased instantly—the Cathedral was in ruins. It sounds like a locomotive running over an ant. The roof—with that tendency to spontaneous combustion which marks the propinquity of German troops—"burst into flames"; "but the responsibility rests with the enemy, who attempted to misuse a monument of architectural art under the protection of the white flag."

So far the report. Then follows a priceless sentence of Herr Albert's very own: "For a German, the fact that an official communication is issued by the army headquarters is proof sufficient of its absolute truth to facts."

This is sublime. When I was a little girl at a convent school, another little girl, of Quaker parentage and an agnostic turn of mind, told the good old lay sister who was mending our clothes that she did not believe she was born in sin. "Don't believe you were born in sin!" said the scandalized nun. "But, my dear child, the catechism says so."

Apparently "official communications" are a German's catechism. He offers them to free-thinking Americans with all the assurance of Prester John expatiating on the qualities of his countrymen. "No vice is tolerated in our midst, and with us no one lies."

AGNES REPPLIER.

Philadelphia, November 30.

THE NEUTRALITY OF BELGIUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A friend of mine recently expressed doubt whether Germany had violated any treaty in which she promised to respect the neutrality of Belgium, and then referred to a paper which he afterwards lent to me. It is the fourth number of the *Vital Issue*, published in New York, and contains an article: "Belgian Neutrality; Its Real Meaning. Why the German Chancellor Called the Neutrality Guarantee a 'Scrap of Paper.' Histories of Various Treaties. By Prof. John W. Burgess, of Columbia University, New York." The article is in the form of a signed communication, dated September 11, 1914.

"So much has been said about 'Belgian neutrality,' so much assumed, and it has been spoken of as such a sacred thing, that it may be well to examine the basis of it and get an exact idea of its scope. It is not a moral question. It is a question of truth." The author alludes to the treaty between Belgium and Holland in 1839, and declares that "it is in this treaty that the original pledge of Belgian neutrality is to be found"; that the agreement was approved and adopted by Prussia and the other Powers who signed the Quintuple Treaty on the same day; and that a little later the second treaty was ratified by the German Confederation, of which Prussia and Austria were members. Then, in 1866, the German Confederation was dissolved by the war between Austria and Prussia, and in the following year was formed the North German Union, of which Prussia was the largest state. "Did these changes abrogate the guarantee of the Treaty of 1839," he asks, "or make it obsolete?" The test, he says, came in 1870, when British statesmen had so much doubt that they procured from the North German Union and from France separate but identical treaties "guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium during the period of the war between France and the North German Union (the so-called Franco-Prussian War), which had just broken out, and for one year from the date of its close." "These treaties expired in the year 1872, and the present German Empire has never signed any treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium. . . . Perhaps we may now somewhat more clearly understand, why the German Chancellor referred to the guarantee of Belgian neutrality as a 'scrap of paper.'" I propose to examine these statements.

The neutralization of Belgium dates from the treaty of November 15, 1831, of which article 7 asserts, "La Belgique, dans les limites indiquées aux articles 1, 2, et 4, formera un Etat indépendant et perpétuellement neutre. Elle sera tenue d'observer cette même neutralité envers tous les autres Etats." And article 25: "Les cours d'Autriche, de France, de la Grande Bretagne, de Prusse

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et de Russie, garantissent à Sa Majesté le Roi des Belges l'exécution de tous les articles qui précèdent." (Martens, "Nouveau Recueil de Traités," xi 394, 404.) By the Treaty of London, April 19, 1839, Holland agreed to the independence of Belgium, and article 7 was repeated without change: "La Belgique, dans les limites indiquées aux articles 1, 2, et 4, formera un Etat indépendant et perpétuellement neutre. Elle sera tenue d'observer cette méme neutralité envers tous les autres Etats." On the same day the five great Powers signed the Quintuple Treaty, by the second article of which the treaty of 1831 was annulled, but in whose first article the treaty between Belgium and Holland, including, of course, the guarantee in article 7, was declared to have the same force as if it had been inserted in the Quintuple Treaty; so that the independence and neutrality of Belgium were again guaranteed by the contracting parties. (*Ibid.*, xvi, 777, 788-790.)

In 1870, the shadow of war, and the knowledge of previous diplomatic intrigues between Benedetti and Bismarck concerning Belgium, caused Gladstone to seek for temporary but particular recognition of Belgian neutrality, and assurance that it would be respected. (Morley, "Life of Gladstone," ii, 340, 341.) On August 9, 1870, a treaty was signed at London between Great Britain and Prussia in which the guarantee of the treaty of 1839 was formally acknowledged by the two parties. "Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and His Majesty the King of Prussia, being desirous at the present time of recording in a solemn Act their fixed determination to maintain the independence and neutrality of Belgium, as provided in the Seventh Article of the Treaty signed at London on the 19th of April, 1839, between Belgium and the Netherlands, which Article was declared by the Quintuple Treaty of 1839 to be considered as having the same force and value as if textually inserted in the said Quintuple Treaty, their said Majesties have determined to conclude between Themselves a separate Treaty, which, without impairing or invalidating the conditions of the said Quintuple Treaty, shall be subsidiary and accessory to it." Prussia then promised to respect the neutrality of Belgium, so long as it should be respected by France, and England undertook to coöperate in the defence of this neutrality in the event of it being violated by France. "This Treaty shall be binding on the High Contracting Parties during the continuance of the present war between the North German Confederation and France, and for twelve months after the ratification of any Treaty of Peace concluded between those Parties; and on the expiration of that time the independence and neutrality of Belgium will, so far as the High Contracting Parties are respectively concerned, continue to rest as heretofore on the 1st Article of the Quintuple Treaty of the 19th of April, 1839." (Martens, xix, 591-593.)

Under wrong date Professor Burgess quotes an observation made by Gladstone in 1870, for the purpose of showing that this statesman doubted whether the Treaty of 1839 was binding upon Prussia or upon the North German Confederation, but the context makes it dubious whether anything of the kind was meant. Nor does the author allude to numerous other expressions during these days which would invalidate his contention. During the debates in the British Parliament on the proposed treaty, objection was made that the Treaty of 1839 gave ample guarantee, and was binding upon Prussia, as well as the other contracting parties, but that an additional agreement might be construed to weaken the original one. With respect to this, Earl Granville declared in the House of Lords: "As to this instrument in the slightest degree weakening the effect of the previous Treaty of 1839, I entirely deny it. There is an express reservation of that Treaty." (3 "Parliamentary Debates," cciii, 1757.) On the same day Gladstone in the Commons said: "The Treaty of 1839 loses nothing of its force even during the existence of this present treaty. There is no derogation from it whatever. The Treaty of 1839 includes terms which are expressly included in the present instrument, lest by any chance it should be said that, in consequence of the existence of this instrument, the Treaty of 1839 had been injured or impaired. That would have been a mere opinion; but it is an opinion which we thought fit to provide against." (*Ibid.*, col. 1789.) He had already asserted that, after the lapse of the proposed treaty, "the two belligerent Powers . . . being parties to the Treaty of 1839 shall fall back upon the obligations they took upon themselves under that treaty." (*Ibid.*, col. 1700.) A fortnight before, Bismarck writing to the Belgian Minister at Berlin had said: "J'ai l'honneur de vous donner par écrit la déclaration, surabondante en présence des Traités en vigueur, que la Confédération du Nord et ses alliés respecteront la neutralité de la Belgique, bien entendu qu'elle sera respectée par l'autre partie belligérante." ("Archives Diplomatiques, 1871-1872, i, 244.)

If Professor Burgess has been correctly quoted, I cannot see that he has made proper representation of the facts. In so far as he upholds his contention that Prussia as part of the North German Confederation was not bound by the Quintuple Treaty, he does so by paraphrasing the Treaty of 1870, and he is able to do so only by omitting a preceding portion of the treaty which would invalidate his argument, while that which he does use is separated merely by a semicolon from following clauses which would demolish his contention altogether. So far as Prussia was concerned there was evidently not recognized either in Germany or elsewhere any lapse of the Treaty of 1839, resulting from the fact that Prussia had entered the North German Confederation. The Treaty of 1870 was not made in order to secure the guarantee of the North German Confederation, but because England was anxious then, as she was in 1914, to obtain assurance that Belgium's neutrality would be respected by those who had promised to respect it. Such assurance the King of Prussia gave for Prussia, recognizing at the same time the validity of the Treaty of 1839. And the validity of this treaty was not supposed to be weakened by the Treaty of 1870, since at the expiration of the latter engagement the earlier one was to remain in force, as it continued to be in the meantime.

It must be said that certain difficulties arise in the theory of international law as to state succession and transitory treaties, but, since Professor Burgess neither rests his argument upon them nor attempts to deal with them, I shall not discuss them in this place. I am not certain that the preponderance of opinion on the part of writers upon international law could be in favor of that which he suggests; but in any event there would seem to be little doubt that the world, including Germany herself, believed that Germany was in honor and, by treaty, bound to respect the neutrality of Belgium, if not to uphold it. In 1909, answering a question in the Commons whether England was still under obligation to maintain the integrity of Belgium, the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs replied that "the treaties signed in London on 19th April, 1839, under which Great Britain, together with Austria, France. Prussia, and Russia, guarantee the independence and neutrality of Belgium are still in force." ("Parliamentary Debates," 1909, ii, 323.)

The Germans themselves made no such defence as that proposed by Professor Burgess. The Imperial Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg said in the Reichstag: "Wir sind jetzt in der Notwehr, und Not kennt kein Gebot! Unsere Truppen haben Luxemburg besetzt, vielleicht auch schon belgisches Gebiet betreten müssen. Das widerspricht den Geboten des Völkerrechts. Die französische Regierung hat zwar in Brüssel erklärt, die Neutralität Belgiens respektieren zu wollen, so lange sie die Gegner respektieren. Wir wuszten aber, dasz Frankreich zum Einfall bereit stand. Frankreich konnte warten, wir aber nicht, und ein französischer Einfall in unsere Flanke am Unterrhein hätte verhängnisvoll werden können. So waren wir gezwungen, uns über die Proteste der luxemburgischen und belgischen Regierung hinwegzusetzen." (*Berliner Tageblatt,* August 5, 1914.) The Chancellor, as had been the case with Bernhardi, resorted to that plea of ultimate necessity which international jurisprudence recognizes but hesitates to define.

A correspondent writing in the *Vital Issue* says: "Germany has been particularly unfortunate in her diplomacy, and the expressions of her Chancellor in respect to the violation of Belgian neutrality have lost Germany the very general sympathy of this country." His letter is written from Toledo, Ohio. To this communication "The Editor" appends a note: "This gentleman (a Canadian, we hear) will probably be glad to see the 'new light' of this number on the supposed 'violation of Belgian neutrality.' Is it not remarkable how the public has been imposed upon?"

And, turning again to the beginning of the article, I observe that immediately under the title, and immediately over Professor Burgess's name, the editor has placed another note, which concludes: "In spite of the immense difficulties this paper will continue to throw a true light on the present European crisis."

EDWARD RAYMOND TURNER.

Ann Arbor, Mich., November 30.

THE NAVY LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent who savagely attacks the Navy League acknowledges that the League expressly stated, in sending out the pamphlet "God's Test by War," that it did not endorse all its sentiments. The League leaves something to the discrimination of readers, not to speak of their fairness. But, leaving aside the wisdom of distributing this

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or that pamphlet, it is no more than just to point out that the Navy League is an out-and-out peace organization, but that it stands for the peace of righteousness. It heartily welcomes every sane effort towards peace, and is glad to coöperate with it. The League is by no means a club of naval officers, but of civilians, though some officers are very naturally members. It is in no manner subventioned by manufacturers of arms and armor, but is wholly supported by voluntary subscriptions. It simply believes that, until the millennium comes, and recent events seem to prove that it will not arrive for a while yet, it is the part of a wise nation to insure against war by keeping the fleet strong and efficient. And it would appear, from a study of the American press, that the country at large is rapidly coming to acquiesce in the wisdom of this policy.

EDWARD BRECK.

Washington, D. C., November 30.

AN HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I add yet another instance to the growing list of allusions made by ancient writers to the present war? Diodorus XII, 13, apropos of the legislation of Charondas, ventures the following reflections, which might perhaps, in view of the clear reference involved in *φιλοσοφία καὶ πᾶσα παιδεία*, be entitled "Of the Relation of Treaties to Kultur": *τίς γὰρ ἂν ἄξιον ἐγκώμιον διάθοιτο τῆς τῶν γραμμάτων μαθήσεως; . . . ταῖς τε κατὰ πόλεμον συνθήκαις ἐν ἔθνεσιν ἢ βασιλεῦσι πρὸς διαμονὴν τῶν ὁμολογιῶν ἡ διὰ τῶν γραμμάτων ἀσφάλεια βεβαιοτάτην ἔχει πίστιν· καθόλου δὲ τὰς χαριεστάτας τῶν φρονίμων ἀνδρῶν ἀποφάσεις καὶ θεῶν χρησμούς, ἔτι δὲ φιλοσοφίαν καὶ πᾶσαν παιδείαν μόνη τηρεῖ καὶ τοῖς ἐπιγινομένοις ἀεὶ παραδίδωσιν εἰς ἅπαντα τὸν αἰῶνα.*

F. H. FOBES.

Lexington, Mass., November 21.

THE HEALTH OF STUDENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of December 3 you comment editorially on the recent report of President N. M. Butler, of Columbia University, on the health of college students. That much of the intellectual work of the world has been done by invalids or half-invalids, is still imperfectly understood. Whoever doubts this should read Mrs. S. P. Shaler's "The Masters of Fate," in which she describes the physical and nervous handicaps against which hundreds of men and women fought their way to distinction.

Now, the lesson of such a record is this: a large number of the sufferers might have been spared such a handicap if they had been properly cared for in youth.

It has become obligatory, therefore, that colleges and universities, whose special business it is to train the intellectual youth of both sexes for life, shall see to it that the health of their wards is not neglected. In this work, the scope of preventive medicine is incomputable.

That President Butler, at Columbia, has drawn attention to this need, and that Harvard has this year appointed a professor of hygiene, are two hopeful signs.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

Cambridge, Mass., December 20.

Literature

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA IN PARVO.

The Everyman Encyclopædia. Edited by Andrew Boyle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Vols. I-XII. $6 net.

The editor of this encyclopædia puts forward no extravagant claim. Knight's Encyclopædia, a useful work in its generation, nearly seventy years ago, has served, if not as a basis, at least as a guide for the present one, but even where the general treatment has been followed the editor justly says that it would be difficult to recognize, in the process of altering and amending, any obligation to the original source. A comparison of a number of articles with the corresponding ones in the parent work discloses no resemblance, even in cases where a partial transfer might have seemed permissible. Everyman's Encyclopædia is thus substantially a new work, written and compiled—as we must assume in the absence of names of contributors—by Mr. Andrew Boyle and a staff of assistants. The appearance of the new Britannica and the New International Encyclopædia must have made such a task comparatively easy to skilful hands, and these, it may be said, have evidently been employed, as far as the important articles are concerned.

The main problem was how to build up, within the compass of twelve small-sized volumes of about 640 pages each, a serviceable Anglo-American encyclopædia; that is to say, how to establish the proper relation between British and American topics. So excellent a work as Chambers's did not succeed in the effort to graft American subjects upon the British stem, and, of course, no encyclopædia in any other language will satisfy the American reader. Meyer's "Kleines Konversation-Lexikon," admirable neutral ground as it is for scientific, technological, and various other subjects, is too German to serve adequately either the British or the American reader able to consult its columns.

Externally, Everyman's is not unattractive, though there are no colored plates or other illustrations of the kind that delights the eye in Meyer or Brockhaus. Maps were excluded by the plan of the work, and we have only simple diagrams, old-fashioned woodcuts, and rather ill-reproduced photo-engravings to break the monotony of the closely printed page. No fault can be found with the abbreviations employed. The work has, on the whole, been brought well down to date, events of the year 1914 figuring not infrequently. A regrettable feature of the plan of condensation is the omission, in the biographical articles, of the month and day of birth and death. Meyer, with only half the space at its disposal, gives us precise dates. Surely, an occasional exception might have been made in such cases as that of Alexander II, where we are curtly told: "He was assassinated in March."

As if to offset the saving in space in other directions, Everyman's gives us the full string of Christian names wherever the subject had more than the one name by which he is generally known, thereby succeeding, not in establishing greater accuracy, but in obscuring the real name in not a few cases; for, unlike other encyclopædias that follow the same practice, no order is preserved in Everyman's. Thus, under Bismarck we have "Otto" first, followed by "Edward Leopold"; under Wagner, we have "Richard" last, preceded by "Wilhelm"; under Agassiz, we have "Louis" in the middle, flanked by "Jean" and "Rodolphe"; while under Reuter we have "Heinrich Ludwig Christian, known as Fritz," which last name is the only one by which Reuter is ever spoken of.

If the number of good articles on important subjects were the only criterion of encyclopædic excellence, high praise would have to be awarded to Everyman's. Such summaries as are given under "Economics" (nearly ten pages), "Great Britain" and "England" (together twenty pages), "Greece" (twelve pages), "Egypt" (sixteen pages), and under headings relating to the natural sciences and to technological subjects, may challenge comparison with similar articles in the standard encyclopædias. But the test of editorial capacity, in works of this kind, lies largely in the ability to observe a proper proportion between all the subjects; to harmonize, in accordance with one fixed standard, the important and the relatively unimportant; above all, must the editor aim at accuracy in little as well as in big things. In other words, no encyclopædia can dispense with the services of the ever-watchful, omniscient revising editor. Because Everyman's has evidently not had the benefit of such a supplementing and eliminating hand, it becomes the task of the reviewer to point out some of its defects.

First and last, Everyman's is an encyclopædia for British readers, and only secondarily is it useful to Americans. It contains a very large number of articles on exclusively British topics, the American aspect of which has either been totally ignored or only very slightly touched upon. Such articles, to mention only a few, are "Alien," "Rank" (in the army), "Salmon," "Ships and Shipbuilding" (thirteen pages), "Clergy, Discipline Act, 1892"; "Municipalities" and "Municipal Trade" (together eight pages), "Illegitimacy," "Pensions," "Merchant Shipping," "Elections," "National Insurance," "Subway," "Cycles and Cycling," "Coach and Coaching," and "Coast Protection." The opportunity to treat peculiarly important American subjects has not been seized. There is, for instance, no article on Interstate Commerce. We are sometimes referred for the treatment of the American phase of a subject to articles under another head, and, at least in one conspicuous instance, in vain. At the conclusion of the eleven-page article devoted to "Army," there is this reference concerning the American army and navy: "See United States—Army and Navy." Such a heading does not exist in the article "United States,"

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and the entire subject is thus ignored. In itself, the article "United States" is fairly accurate and comprehensive, the portion devoted to American literature being better than the political part. Saner judgment prevails in the literary summary than, for instance, in the biography of Poe, with its rhapsodic overestimate of his genius.

We have discovered, in articles dealing with American history, few such grotesque blunders as those contained in the biography of Conkling, where we read: "Garfield had defeated General Arthur in the Presidential elections," . . . and "During the whole dispute C. had been favored with the whole-hearted support of the ex-President, Arthur." Better things might have been expected of an encyclopædia appealing to Americans than a one-page article on New York city (London has twelve pages), which is too condensed to contain a mention of Bronx Park, but finds room for such unilluminating commonplaces as: "New York city leads in literature in the United States, owing to the many large publishing houses which have been established. The monthly magazines are exceptionally good. New York is noted also for its daily papers," etc. A characteristic British touch occurs in the brief article on George Washington (a column in length), where it is said of him that, "though he fought against the English, [he] was a typical English gentleman."

Speaking generally, American biographies partake of the perfunctory character of nearly all the notices on modern subjects of whatever nationality. Men who have sprung into prominence in recent times, such as Bethmann-Hollweg, Arrhenius, Woodrow Wilson, are dispatched in a few words, but even celebrities of well-established reputation, such as Helmholtz and Humboldt, are treated altogether inadequately. Under Huxley, precisely as in the articles in Meyer and Brockhaus (strange to say), there is no mention of either Darwin or evolution, and the notice in Everyman's has a crowning blunder of its own, in crediting Huxley with the authorship of "The Origin of Species." There is no historical grasp in the articles on Alexander von Battenberg, Bismarck, and Francis Joseph. Some of the statements therein are meaningless.

As bearing on the question of proportion, we may mention that Gustave Hervé, the present-day leader of French Socialists, has twice as much space as Rousseau; that Hegel (in obedience to the general encyclopædic reverence for the dead past) gets three times as much space as Helmholtz, that Coleridge has exactly as much space as Goethe and Shakespeare (two and a half pages), and twice as much as Cervantes; that less than a page suffices for Isaac Newton, but that Ruskin requires more than a page, and Cecil Rhodes more than a page and a half. Rembrandt is dispatched in less than a column, but John Constable has nearly a page, almost as much as Raphael. Adam Smith has to be content with less than half a column, but more than twice as much space is given to Thomas Cook & Sons. Much space is taken up by articles on newspapers and periodicals that might well have been spared. The *Illustrated London News* has two-thirds of a column; the unrelieved eulogy of the *Saturday Review* takes up nearly as much space; under "Allgemeine Zeitung" (Augsburg, now Munich), we have a list of all the editors since 1798. The New York *Journal*, "founded in 1733 as a weekly," graces the list of dailies. To Saint Paul's Cathedral is devoted nearly a column, and St. Paul's School, London, is deemed worthy of a special article, but we have looked in vain for an article on St. Peter's, or any other of the world-famous churches.

It is easy to pick flaws due to defective proofreading in the best of encyclopædias, but Everyman's excels in a peculiar class of misspelled names. Gen. D'Aurelle de Paladines (in the article "Franco-German War") figures as "*D'Anselle* de Paladines"; Anzengruber's "Pfarrer von Kirchfeld" becomes "Pfarrer von *Hirschfeld*"; the Baldwin Locomotive Works (under the heading "Philadelphia") are transformed into "*Galvin* Locomotive Works," and the Goncourt brothers (article "France") appear as "Jules and *Emile* Goncourt." Far worse is the repeated mention of the *election* of prominent Austrians to the Upper House of the Reichsrath (as in the articles on Arneth and Count Anton Auersperg, misspelled Auersberg), and the statement that Auerbach studied in the "*University* of Hohenasberg" (*recte* Hohenasperg). One of the worst blunders in the work occurs in the article on Vienna, which describes conditions that ceased to exist fifty years ago. The Ringstrasse has not yet come to life, and walls and fosses still surround the city.

There are no articles on Böhm-Bawerk, on Diesel or the Diesel engine, or on Count Berchtold, or Benedetto Croce, to mention only a few glaring omissions. Maria Montessori has no biography, though her system is referred to under "Idiocy." Under the article "Astronomy" (twelve pages) there is no mention of Simon Newcomb (except in the bibliography), though room has been found for H. G. Wells's sentimental rhapsody of a Samurai.

There is not invariable consistency as to the language in which titles of books, other than English, are given. Some titles appear in English translation, some as originally written. Friedrich Rückert has, unaccountably, three French books to his credit. Inconsistency is also manifest in the alternation of "Baron" and "Freiherr," "Count" and "Graf"; thus we find "Mansfeld, Ernst Graf von" and "Mansfeld, Peter Ernest I, Count."

The transliteration of certain foreign names leaves much to be desired. Ignorance of the transliteration of Russian names leads to the gratuitous enumeration, after various Russian proper names, of current erroneous varieties of spelling which only mislead English readers. Thus, under "Mendeléeff" we read "Dmitri Ivanovich, or Ivanowitch," and under "Turgeniev" we have, in a parenthesis, the perplexing choice of "Turguenev, Turgenev, or Turgenieff."

With all its shortcomings, Everyman's Encyclopædia is distinctly a useful work of reference, though not useful alike to all classes of readers.

CURRENT FICTION.

Stories without Tears. By Barry Pain. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Mr. Pain has sanity. He has, in fact, more than sanity; he has intelligence, he has cultivation, and he has not a little humor. He is at his best in his stories of school life—particularly "The Boy and the Pessimist," "Chrisimissima," and "The Celestial's Editorship." The simplicity of outlook, the slightness of hold, which make the other stories seem, on the whole, rather a waste of time, are a source of merit in these tales. The schoolboy of our American fiction is treated with undue seriousness; something of Mr. Pain's casual manner might do him good. For the rest (except in the fables at the end, which are witty and, in a measure, charming), Mr. Pain is rather an ingenious inventor of situations than a story-writer. His stories are refined minute farces, somewhat amusing for the moment, but altogether mechanical—and as unproductive of real laughter as they are of tears.

A Child Went Forth. By Yoi Pawlowska. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he looked upon, that object he became,
And that object became part of him for the day or a certain part of the day,
Or for many years or stretching cycles of years.

These lines of Whitman's serve as motto for a book of unusual quality. The American publishers give no information about the author or her work; but from the evidence of these pages we surmise that she is a Hungarian who as a very young girl was sent to school in England, and that this is the story of her childhood in Hungary. Its charm is not easy to define—chiefly the effect, it may be, of its apparent artlessness. Its exotic flavor seems to contribute little to that charm—far less than the sense of natural kinship with these people of the strange names and odd customs. The child-life recorded seems, in a way, quite unremarkable, and yet the chronicler, by virtue of her sincerity, contrives to make it altogether worthy of remark. Here is the old adventure of dreaming childhood in a waking world, the slow and painful adjustment of the newcomer to the rules of thumb by which the adult race lives. It is one of the most moving of themes, but its treatment in English commonly ends in rank sentimentalism. The present little narrative is realistic in the best sense—faithful to the fact, but to the carefully chosen fact; and animated by a perfectly healthy and unforced sentiment. In short, with all its appearance of slightness and artlessness, it is, in its way, a very genuine product of (alas, how else shall we

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phrase it?) literary art. A reviewer in *Punch* laments that our knowledge of little Anna ends with her departure for England, that "we are not told which particular English school was favored with her patronage, nor how she got on there." It is a singularly dull remark, since one of the chief merits of the little work is that it is so obviously complete in its own character—as a study of childhood. We have an Elsie Series already!

Tales of Two Countries. By Maxim Gorky. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

A sense for structural values and for form has never been the strong feature of Gorky's novels; and the want of it has uniformly damaged his very short stories and sketches—stories shorter, that is, than "Twenty-six Men and a Girl" and the powerful "Chelkash." The characters may be vividly done, and there may be a poetic feeling for nature; but dramatic outline is wanting, and the pulse of action but fairly begins to beat before it is halted again. His longer narratives may be long-winded and monotonous, but realism can be exhibited at the length necessary to demonstrate spiritual insight, until character study and the stripping of vicious social environment sometimes reach astonishing force. Horrifying naturalism, human analysis without incident, can seldom be compressed effectively into ten pages. The present volume falls into two divisions. In the first there are a dozen thumb-nail vignettes of Italian scenes, unambitious and frankly objective; most of them giving an impression of triviality, but some possessing reserve force. In the second are as many stories of Russian life, savage, satirical, and sardonic by turns. The writer here knows not merely the outward being of his people, but their inner; it is only unfortunate that his tone of pessimism leads less frequently to direct sincerity than to a cynical toying with semi-allegorical ideas, as in "The Poet," "The Writer," "The Liberal." The tone is the intellectual smartness of a man made mordant by observation of life rather than deeply moved by it. There can be few to whom the volume will not seem a falling off from "A Confession" or "The Spy."

Little Eve Edgarton. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: The Century Co.

The nice young chap at the summer resort announces a desperate conclusion—there isn't an interesting girl to be found nowadays outside of a magazine story. His elderly confidant retorts that if he thinks so, it is because he hasn't known where to look for her; smart dressing and a pretty face are not the signs by which you know an interesting woman. Thereupon, with all the impersonal benevolence of a pure theorist, he requisitions the services of a noticeably insignificant-looking daughter to prove his point. Follows the rehearsal of the humorous miseries of this enforced companionship, and the unfolding of the remarkable personality disguised in the little Edgarton girl's colorless manner and shabby clothes. The singular thing about the poor dear, as we understand it, is that her unusualness isn't a matter of choice, but of having lived all her life at the mercy of a globe-trotting scientist of a father. Bored to extinction by an existence in which adventure has been daily fare, she ardently pines for the settled and the commonplace. Death and disaster by land or sea fail to stir her blood (if possible, she will save your life expertly, but quite perfunctorily); what really rouses her is a rare culinary opportunity like that of making four hundred muffins for the hotel breakfast. She will obligingly discuss peat-bog fossils with you, but what she heartily prefers is to steal a while away from microscopes, specimens, and notes on all the 'ologies, and spend a quiet half-hour bringing her own paper-doll book up to date. We are glad to be able to announce that, in spite of her heavy sartorial handicap, she finally wins her way into the sphere of fashionable conventionality from which she has heretofore lived in sorrowful exile; also that the nice young chap recognizes with joy his interesting girl at last, although he has to be struck by lightning, and she to sustain an alarmingly severe crack on the cranium, before the author is able to lead them to so satisfactory a conclusion.

Gerald Northrop. By Claude C. Washburn. New York: Duffield & Co.

This is an excellent example of a type of current fiction which possesses a number of good qualities, and which we might very well do without. It is the type of clever "workmanship," well modelled and well chiselled, or at least well chased. But it is consciously clever; in its most vivid or intense moments it never forgets to be sophisticated. Provincialism is its blackest beast of fear. If New York or London or Chicago serve for its earlier scenes, we may be sure it will prove to be only a way-station to Rome or Paris. And the hero upon whose career we are called to hang in a well-bred way is pretty sure to be that spineless puppet, or puppy, with a Temperament, who, thanks largely to books of this sort, threatens to stand for the creative artist in the popular fancy. The Gerald of this story is that puppy. It is not his fault, because his father has been it before him; he is of pedigreed stock. The grandfather has barely emerged from shirtsleeves to the ownership of a big factory in a provincial Western city; an honest, hard-working American, piteously aghast at the spectacle of his strange offspring. The ineffectual father and his Parisian wife have died during Gerald's boyhood, and the grandfather dies while he is at Harvard, leaving him everything, with the simple request that he "give America a chance" before, as it were, following his Gallic nose across the water. Gerald duly goes through the motions, but is too fastidious for this crude land; and though in the end, after a series of æsthetic and amatory adventures abroad, he does return to it, he returns unchanged, still the puppy conceitedly and indecently whining for the moon. The trouble with him, from a robust reader's point of view, is the trouble with all heroes of his kind. He is responsible to nothing but to his own self-titillated sensibilities; there is no strength in him. Therefore, stories like this—it is odd how many of them there are—represent, with all their cleverness, a sad waste of energy. A hero is not a formula or a code of morals. Virtue in the little sense is neither here nor there with him; but virtue in the big sense we must have from any human being who demands so much of us in the way of time and attention. Tom Jones has it, and Silas Lapham, and even Pendennis; but not a mother's son among the fecund tribe of Geralds.

AN OVER-RATED STATESMAN.

The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi. Compiled from Crispi's diary and other documents by Thomas Palamenghi-Crispi. Translated by Mary Prichard-Agnetti. Vol. III, "International Problems." New York: G. H. Doran Co. $3.50 net.

The third volume of Crispi's so-called Memoirs covers chiefly the last decade of the nineteenth century. Crispi was hurled from office on March 3, 1896, as a result of the national indignation at the disaster in Abyssinia. He spent the remaining five years of his life sorting his papers, editing, expurgating, and destroying, so that they might eventually serve as his apologia to posterity. His nephew, who has edited them, goes farther and composes from them a panegyric pitched in a major key.

The present reviewer, as he has indicated in his comments on the earlier volumes, does not believe that it will ever be possible to whitewash Crispi. As time goes on, and the Crispian *claque* grows faint, the majority even of Radical Italians will perceive not only that Crispi left nothing of permanent value to Italy, but that, partly through his vanity and partly through his antipathies, he bequeathed to her a legacy of troubles. And throughout the twenty years, from 1876 to 1896, when he was the dominant figure in Italian politics, whether in office or not, corruption in its crudest and basest forms flourished unchecked.

The central fact in Crispi's foreign policy was that he substituted subservience to Germany for subservience to France. In the seventies that may have seemed prudent, but during the last quarter of a century the Triple Alliance has been of doubtful value to Italy, until latterly it has proved actually harmful. Crispi was cunning, but his was the cunning of the Albanians, who devote their energy to vendettas, and he became the easy dupe of Bismarck's more sophisticated craft. He came away from his first visit to the Chancellor convinced that Germany would lavish her favors on Italy; and yet, almost immediately after,

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Bismarck and Salisbury connived at the French occupation of Tunis—that act which enraged the Italians against the French, and has rankled to this day. It was Bismarck's purpose by entangling the French as much as possible in North Africa to lessen the strength of the French army on the German frontier, and also to infuriate the Italians against the French. He did both. Hence the Triple Alliance.

The present volume deals chiefly with post-Bismarckian diplomacy, but it shows Crispi still acting on Bismarckian lines. The topics taken up are Tripoli and France, the fortifications of Biserta, the troubles raised by the Irredentists with Austria, the friction between Italy and France from 1888 on, the Balkan question, and the crisis in European alliances during the last years of the century.

Although Crispi's acts in these various affairs are so dressed up as to make him appear the master in each case, when we ask for the results, we find mostly talk on his part and a victory for his opponents. The French built Biserta; Crispi yielded to the Austrian demands and muzzled the Irredentists as far as he was able; Crispi's financial war against France caused hard times in Italy, which the German alliance did not alleviate; and his letters, speeches, and suggestions in regard to the Balkans had no appreciable effect in the subsequent development of that peninsula.

Read between the lines, the flattering messages he received from the German and Austrian Emperors and Chancellors simply mean that they knew he could not and would not break away from them, and they therefore never called his bluff. In one case—in a petty quarrel with Portugal—he seems to have succeeded.

We regret that his editor has been so intent on making Crispi out a master of international statecraft that he has omitted, or reduced to infinitesimal proportions, the cardinal facts in Crispi's Administrations at home. We looked for something authentic on the "Moral Question" episode, on the bank scandals, on Crispi's cowardice in continuing the war in Abyssinia which he professed to disapprove of, and on many other political and personal matters. The nephew even fails to do justice to Crispi's ruthless suppression of the agrarian insurrection in Sicily and on the mainland, although that suppression was the best proof that Crispi ever gave that he could act as well as threaten. It would be indiscreet to remind the modern Italian extremists that he persecuted them twenty years ago.

This volume contains many interesting letters, or reports of conversations, which the expert will know how to use profitably. But all the material lies under the suspicion of having been manipulated for a definite purpose, and no cautious historian would trust solely to it as his source of information. Whoever advertised Crispi as "the prince of all diplomats" must have either a febrile imagination or unfathomed ignorance.

ROOSEVELT'S ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Through the Brazilian Wilderness. By Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated with photographs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

When Col. Roosevelt started on this expedition, which was to bisect South America from Buenos Ayres to the Amazon, it was with the intention of gathering mammals and birds for the American Museum. By the generous interest of the Brazilian Government, the reconnaissance was enlarged and became geographical and zoölogical in character. In any event we may be certain that the versatile mind of the author would not have confined his observations to the higher vertebrates. In general treatment this volume differs but slightly from Col. Roosevelt's "African Game Trails," the narrative being chronologically arranged, a consecutive account of each day's happenings presented clearly, informally, and in great detail, with diversions—literary, historical, or zoölogical—whenever prompted by the stimulus of some pertinent event. The diction is the best that the author has ever put into a book of travel, and the slight philosophical touches are more virile, more thoughtful, than those in the African narrative. With less of sensational incident to surfeit the emotions, the events of the expedition have received calmer, more dispassionate treatment and consideration, and thus add very appreciably to the pleasure of the reader. Instead of the big-game hunter, we have here the chronicles of a naturalist in the best sense of the word.

The first two months of the trip are passed over almost without comment. This period was devoted to a lecture tour through Brazil, the Argentine, and Chili, and was devoid of scientific note. Asuncion marked the beginning of the wilderness life, the ascent of the Paraguay the first stage in the continental voyage. From river to river the party travelled, always to the northward, passing at last over the highland wilderness, the low divide from which the waters flow southward into the Paraña or north towards the Amazon. This was the home of the Nhambiquaras—an isolated tribe, friendly but not servile, wearing neither clothing nor ornaments, hunting by day, lying down in the sand to sleep at night.

Then came three weeks of dangerous voyaging down the Rio Duvida, Rio Roosevelt, or, as it has finally been called, Téodoro, before the Madeira was reached, and at last the Amazon. Six weeks of perilous labor were spent in navigating an almost endless succession of rapids; five out of seven canoes were lost within the space of a month and a half, during which the party saw not a single human being; one man was drowned, another was punished for insubordination, and retaliated by murder; most of the party suffered from fever, and about half the baggage was lost. So much for the distressing side. Besides the host of interesting notes recorded by the author on the wild creatures of the jungle, there is a list of over twenty-five hundred birds and five hundred mammals, which were collected, chiefly by Cherrie and Miller. With the expert geographic assistance of Col. Rondon, the River Téodoro was mapped for the first time throughout its length of fifteen hundred kilometres. A competent professional photographer would have added much to the value of the trip, although the pictures are as good as the usual snapshots taken on such expeditions. The maps, appendices, and index are a delight in their thoroughness and lucidity. A single paragraph of life on a small boat in the River of the Tapirs must suffice as a glimpse of the interesting personnel:

> The trip was pleasant and interesting, although there was not much to do on the boat. It was too crowded to move around, save with a definite purpose. We enjoyed the scenery; we talked—in English, Portuguese, bad French, and broken German. Some of us wrote. Fiala made sketches of improved tents, hammocks, and other field equipment, suggested by what he had already seen. Some of us read books. Col. Rondon, neat, trim, alert, and soldierly, studied a standard work on applied geographical astronomy. Father Zahm read a novel by Fogazzaro. Kermit read Camoens and a couple of Brazilian novels, "O Guarani" and "Innocencia." My own reading varied from "Quentin Durward" and Gibbon to the "Chanson de Roland." Miller took out his little pet owl Moses, from the basket in which Moses dwelt, and gave him food and water. Moses crooned and chuckled gratefully when he was stroked and tickled.

THE TEST OF STRATEGICAL THEORY.

France and the Next War: A French View of Modern War. By Commandant J. Colin, of the French War School. Translated by Major L. H. R. Pope-Hennessy, D.S.O. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This book is simply a reprint of the greater part of "The Transformations of War," by Major Colin, of the French army, translated by Major Pope-Hennessy, of the British Service, and published by Hugh Rees, Ltd., London, 1912. Its title is not that given by the author to his book; and save the legend "reprint in 1914" on the reverse of the title-page, there is nothing to indicate that this is not a new work, and absolutely nothing to show that the "Transformations" of 1912 and this work are (omissions apart) one and the same thing. Inasmuch as both books are from the same English publishers (for the American imprint is merely formal) we must believe that there must be some motive, if not reason, in thus giving out a reprint without the slightest reference to its original appearance, and this motive, in our opinion, is suggested by the title that heads this notice. For who would not believe, on picking up the book, that it is the French pendant of von Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War," the French counterblast of the very peculiar views advanced so vigorously by the German protagonist? But the two are as wide apart as the poles, for whereas von Bernhardi is attempting to justify a

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certain course on the part of the German Empire, Major Colin, a member of the staff of the Ecole Supérieure de Guerre at Paris, merely undertakes to set out the great principles of modern warfare. His book would be just as useful to the Germans as to the French; von Bernhardi's could find an application only at home. In view of these remarks, suggested by the *ad captandum* title of the publishers, what must we think of the assertion of the preface that "throughout [Colin's book] there is an absence of the bombastic jingoism of the Bernhardi school"? It is not a question of jingoism: the two books are simply not comparable, and no choice of title can make them so.

Ever since 1875 the French have believed, and since the Agadir incident have been convinced, that Germany would attack them, sooner rather than later. French military literature has been deeply colored by this national conviction. Moreover, it is no breach of confidence, to-day, to say that the courses of the great French Staff School have had for their chief end the development of ways and means to achieve victory in the coming war. But of this spirit not a trace is perceptible in Major Colin's book. It is a calmly scientific work, historical in its treatment, and especially interesting from its analysis of Napoleon's conception of what successful war exacted of a general.

Upon this and other matters we need not dwell, inasmuch as the book is already well known to students of the military art. But we cannot forbear to glance for a moment at the chapter, War in the Twentieth Century, in order to compare some predictions therein made with actual occurrences in Europe. Thus (p. 279), "the immense armies mobilized nowadays will hardly be contained in the theatre of operations. In a Franco-German war, for example, if the troops were deployed between Longwy and Huninguen, their depth would be six men to the yard; it would be three to the yard between Dunkirk and Montbéliard. . . ." This last (we refer to the length and position of the line) is practically what we have in the western theatre; indeed, earlier in the book (p. 139), the author says, "We may anticipate a battle which will bring to grips 3,000,000 of men on a front of 150 to 250 miles."

The following principle (p. 280) apparently has been found dangerous of application: "The general will hold large numbers of troops at his disposal in certain zones where he means to obtain success at any price by developing and repeating his attacks. He will denude other regions where no decision is being sought for, and he will see no great objection to giving way here and there to the enemy." Apparently (p. 140) this local yielding might be desirable: "A local success at a point in the front creates deadly difficulties for the victor . . . of two equal armies, that one which succeeded in piercing its adversary's centre would perhaps by its very success place itself in a most dangerous situation." Here is a prediction fully verified: "The armies of the future, it seems, will be more like massive and heavy rollers crushing all that they pass over" (p. 279). Still another: [railways] "lend themselves to rapid movements, and allow of the transport of an army from one end of the theatre of operations to the other in a few days" (p. 282). And so, "they [the Germans] might, after having to all appearances piled up their troops and their efforts at one extremity of the theatre of operations, after having repeated their attacks and thus determined the concentration of our forces on one of their wings—they might, I say, suddenly bring their principal strength to bear on the opposite side." Fortunately for France, this prediction has not come true; the aeroplane is now a factor. In fact, air-scouting has put an end to guesswork in actual operations, and will require the re-writing of most of the textbooks and treatises.

Notes

"The Evidence in the Case," by the Hon. James M. Beck, has been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Doubleday, Page & Company announce for publication in the spring: "The American Indian," by Charles A. Eastman; "A History of American Literature," by Leon Kellner; "The Cost of Living," by Fabian Franklin; "Socialism in America," by John Macy; "The Drama in America," by Clayton Hamilton; "The American College," by Isaac Sharpless; "The American School," by Walter S. Hinchman; "The University Movement," by Ira Remsen; "The American Navy," by Rear-Admiral French E. Chadwick.

Books on modern Germany that are confirmed, rather than confuted, by present events must have certain permanent qualities. Of such are three, among many that have accumulated on our shelves. William Harbutt Dawson's "The Evolution of Modern Germany" (New York: Scribner; $3.75) is a solid contribution to our knowledge of the Empire. Temperate, clear-sighted, and well written, it discusses industrial and economic conditions in a convincing way. The book was published some years ago, and is in some respects antiquated, but it was nevertheless well worth republishing at the present day. Nothing, certainly, can be more timely than to have the value of German colonies, and the efficiency of Dr. Dernburg's administration of them, so sanely adjudged as they are at the hands of Professor Dawson. Facts and figures speak loudly in this authoritative volume, and throughout there are illuminating touches, as when we are reminded that "Mr. Richard Cobden, calico-printer," foretold on December 13, 1838, "the day when the weapons which English enterprise and example were then placing in German hands would be turned against ourselves with fatal effects." The mere enumeration of the names in "Men Around the Kaiser: The Makers of Modern Germany," by Frederic William Wile (Bobbs-Merrill; $1.25 net) is imposing, and the favorable impression is heightened by the author's bright and, on the whole, skilful characterization of such pillars of strength (sometimes imaginary rather than real) in the making of the mighty empire as Admiral von Tirpitz, Alfred Ballin, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, Count Zeppelin, Prince von Bülow, Count von Bernstorff, Prince Lichnowsky, and two dozen more—not all statesmen, warriors, and captains of industry, but also scientists, like Ehrlich, and poets, like Gerhart Hauptmann. There are among them, likewise, the "composer and revolutionary," Richard Strauss; the "stage reformer," Max Reinhardt, and the "journalist and matador," Maximilian Harden. If this seems an incongruous assortment, the author's answer would probably be that it takes all sorts of men to make a modern empire, or, at least, as he freely admits in an introduction written after the outbreak of the war, to constitute a nation of men "who are all for war." The volume, if distinctly journalistic and somewhat highly colored, is readable and interesting.

"Memoirs of the Kaiser's Court," by Anne Topham (Dodd, Mead; $3), an attractive volume outwardly, quite unconsciously possesses considerable biographical value. What the sensible, self-possessed English governess has to say of her charge during many years, the Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, is of no particular interest, and was perhaps hardly worth preserving, but the glimpses we get of her royal father are refreshingly direct and truthful. If we see, now and then, "the robust personality of the Emperor, so frank, so generous, so open-hearted," we also see him in his impetuous, overbearing moods, and we have this pen-picture of him which, we suspect, the future historian will not disdain to make a note of: "Nobody has ever accused the Emperor of being a diplomatist. He himself believes that he is very astute and can see farther than most men. He is, so to speak, a little blinded by his own brilliancy, by the versatility of his own powers, which are apt to lead him astray. He has never acquired the broad, tolerant outlook of a man who tries to view things from another's standpoint. He has, in fact, only one point of view—his own—and a certain superficiality characterizes his thought . . . he does not, in fact, give himself time and opportunity to think things out, to weigh consequences, and he has, unfortunately, few really great minds around him."

The historians-to-be of the present European war will certainly suffer from no lack of material, though if they desire their histories to be at all true they will be well advised to disregard much contemporary "evidence" concerning the main issues at any rate. Their labors, on the other hand, will be considerably lightened, in the way of atmosphere, by such valuable little works as Mr. Charles Inman Barnard's "Paris War Days" (Little, Brown; $2 net). In it the Paris correspondent of the New York *Tribune* does a really useful and unpretentious work, by setting down, in the form of a diary, his observations of life in Paris during the opening days of the war, of the behavior of the populace, the means taken for provisioning and defending the capital, the inconveniences endured by American and other foreign residents, and the like. Very little that happened between the outbreak of the war and the second week in September, when the German menace was finally swept back to the northward, escapes Mr. Barnard, from the condition of the cattle parked in the Bois de Boulogne to the sound made by projectiles dropped from German aeroplanes upon the city. The book is per-

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haps overloaded by name-lists of those Americans who shared the committee work of various hospitals and other good deeds; but that is only natural, and too much recognition cannot be paid to such admirable institutions as the American hospital at Neuilly. Mr. Gordon Bennett's marriage, however, seems scarcely worthy of careful immortalization.

"Social Life in Old New England," by Mary Caroline Crawford (Boston: Little, Brown; $2 net), is of no marked novelty in theme or treatment, but a pleasant addition to the steadily growing series of gossiping commentaries upon the manners and conditions of early New England life. The author of the present book has spent many zealous years in exploring old Yankee records, and has several times given the results of her labors in acceptable form. "Old Boston Days and Ways" and "The Romance of New England Roof-Trees" were full of interesting and quaint material, and blessed with that touch of humor which is a prime essential of this kind of work. To choose out of the immense mass of available data (available for those who have the patience to seek them out) those which are really salient and characteristic, is one difficult part of the task, and to give them something like the relative space which each of them deserves, is another. The author has done these things and done them with evident zest and ease. The fault of her present subject lies in its scope. Old New England was little enough in a sense, and it had solidarity of many kinds. But its geographical diffusion, the relative isolation of its communities, present an obstacle to the chronicler who attempts to generalize. The happiest books in this kind are likely to be more closely restricted to the local field. Such a book we recall in the "Taverns and Turnpikes of Old Blandford" which appeared some years ago—a labor of love which was also a labor of discretion and charm. The present book, in attempting to touch upon all the phases of New England life, cannot carry the treatment of any one of them as far as the author is capable of carrying it. Under the conditions she makes extraordinary headway. As a kind of primer of old Yankee methods of learning, marrying, lawing, worshipping, drinking, and so on—a primer compiled as by a schoolma'm with a twinkle—this may be commended. Now and then, as in the treatment of the "bundling" custom, it is surprisingly frank, over-frank, perhaps, from the family-table point of view.

The fourth volume of Charles Harding Firth's notable illustrated edition of Macaulay's History of England (Macmillan; $3.25 net) contains Chapters XIII to XVII, inclusive, of the original. The variety of the illustrations is shown by the beautiful colored plate of The Pass of Killiecrankie, reproduced from a water-color drawing by G. F. Robson in the Sutherland Collection, and, almost cheek by jowl with it, a reproduction of The Scotch Protestants' Courage, a ballad in the Pepysian Collection. The care and erudition displayed in the selection of illustrations for the earlier volumes are evident in this one, for which the publishers have done their part in the same satisfying fashion. One can only repeat that the work deserves all praise, and be glad that if the History has waited a strangely long time for this sort of edition, it has found the right hands to produce it.

Two books, both dealing with the legal side of municipal development, are "Carrying Out the City Plan," by Flavel Shurtleff, in collaboration with Frederick Law Olmsted (Survey Associates, publishers for the Russell Sage Foundation; $2), and "Municipal Charters," by Nathan Matthews, a former Mayor of Boston (Harvard University Press; $2 net). The first of these books is called forth by "the astonishing variation in the practical efficiency of methods actually employed and prescribed by law or legal custom in different parts of the United States in acquiring land for public purposes, in distributing the cost of public improvements, and in other proceedings essential to the proper shaping of our growing cities to the needs of their inhabitants." The second book is an equally direct presentation of the essentials of an American city charter, along with drafts of the responsible-executive type and the commission type. The latter volume thus has to the former the relation of the general to the particular. Both books are intensely practical, and should be of value to all persons engaged officially or semi-officially in city charter-making or administration.

Mary Antin's "They Who Knock at Our Gates" (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net) is described in a sub-title as "A Complete Gospel of Immigration." It is an attempt to prove that any restriction upon immigration into this country is a violation of the Declaration of Independence, and that the immigrants are a blessing to us rather than otherwise. The book is a plea rather than an examination of a question, although it is full of argument. Designedly or not, it leaves the impression that, in the view of its writer, our immigrants are rather the best element of our population, having the sterling qualities of the Pilgrim Fathers that the rest of us have almost lost. Every steerage passenger is a potential genius. One is offended by a, perhaps unintentional, tone of superiority in the pages, as of one sitting in judgment. Not by such treatment can a great issue be settled.

In "The Bible and the Anglo-Saxon People" (Dutton; $2 net), William Canton has again told the wondrous story of how the people of the British Isles got their Bible and what price in blood and in money they have paid for it. Written in a style simple enough for youth to follow, and crammed with memorable anecdotes, the story comes down from Cædmon through Wycliffe, Tindale, Coverdale, and the martyrs to the work of the Bible Societies of the nineteenth century. Handsomely illustrated specimens of early typographical work and parallel versions of familiar passages show how our modern readings developed from the vigorous language of the early translators. Perhaps the newest historical matter in the volume refers to the Biblical pageants with which Queen Elizabeth was acclaimed at her coronation in London by a people who looked to her to release four prisoners, "the four Evangelists and Apostle Paul." It would be well if teachers in our Sunday schools would convey to the children some of the romantic story of the volume upon whose teachings so much of the Anglo-Saxon character has been built. Speaking of the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society, founded in 1804, the author pertinently remarks in conclusion: "It will surely be one of the curious facts in the history of Victorian literature that of all the men whose vision was filled with the ideas and actions which fashion the destinies of States, no great writer has thought it worth while to notice a movement that can hardly be matched in duration, continuity, range and results by any other in our time."

At last Dr. Hermann Türck's "The Man of Genius" appears in an English dress (Macmillan; $4 net). It is significant that the translation was made in Germany, not demonstrably in answer to any call from Macedonia. Most of it is from the sixth German edition, but the additions in the seventh German edition have been Englished by a different hand. Thus, after eighteen years of revision and enlargement, this widely read and much-reviewed work finds its way out of the Fatherland. The production gives rise to a very interesting question: Why has it enjoyed its long-continued vogue? The reason cannot be its subtle or profound treatment of the mystery of genius. For Dr. Türck genius holds no mystery. Starting out with the æsthetic of Kant, he arrives at entire agreement with Schopenhauer that "*genius* is simply the completest *objectivity, i. e.*, the objective tendency of the mind, as opposed to the subjective, which is directed to one's own self." The conclusion of the whole matter is that "the creative work of the artist, the philosopher, the statesman, or the founder or reformer of a religion, is therefore primarily dependent on his disinterested absorption in the nature, the essential, true properties of things. . . . A selfish man is at the same time a stupid man incapable of creating anything; he can only destroy." With such convictions he finds no difficulty in proving that Alexander and Napoleon ceased to be geniuses when they embraced "egotistical self-delusion." Dr. Türck's explanation appears from this point of view to be only an extension into philosophical and practical fields of Schopenhauer's definition of artistic genius. Having gained a vision of this illuminating truth, he endeavors to make it prevail more and more unto the perfect day. He unerringly singles out as one of the children of darkness Cesare Lombroso on account of his theory of insanity. The sarcasm and ridicule with which he overwhelms and rends asunder the Italian leave no room for a pretence to judicial calm or critical detachment. Yet his treatment of the criminologist is affectionate compared with the onslaught upon that "mentally disordered antisopher" distinguished by "the will to stupidity," Friedrich Nietzsche, where his sputtering is truly amusing, even though heard through a starched and ironed-out translation. For his "anarchistic or individualistic point of view," Ibsen also is attacked front and flank.

The reviewers, however, have not emphasized so much Dr. Türck's incalculable services to the stanch, loyal party in church and state as his excursions into literary criticism. The *Berliner Tageblatt* declared: "Dr. Türck has the indisputable merit of having established his own opinion on two important literary questions, namely, his conception of the character of Hamlet and his explanation of Faust's blindness caused by 'Care.'" Of "Faust" it is sufficient to observe that before Dr. Türck all critics "had failed to do justice

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to the fundamental idea of the poem, because they had overlooked the essential element of genius in Faust." The reason for this universal obtuseness is manifest: other critics have not held the key—Dr. Türck's theory of genius. But his services to Shakespeare are more priceless. According to *Bühne und Welt*, his "interpretation of 'Hamlet' may rank with the most important utterances of modern æsthetic criticism." The notable feature of this interpretation, which in general resembles Werder's, is that it was suggested by Matthew xii, 46. He maintains, in brief, that "he who wishes really to understand Hamlet must constantly bear in mind that his nature is that of a man of genius," "a man of eminently energetic character," who hesitates throughout the play "because his whole mental life is engrossed and all his desires and endeavors are arrested for the time being by the recognition of the fundamental error that has so long influenced all his views of the world and man, that every decision and purposeful activity in themselves become hateful to him." It does no good to object that this is a conception evolved from speculative considerations, not from a synthetic study of the play itself; or that it takes no account of Elizabethan theatrical conditions and Shakespeare's dramatic purposes; or that it proceeds on the fundamental confusion that Hamlet was a real person existing outside the play. For it is obvious that Shakespeare must have written the play to illustrate Dr. Türck's thesis, so nicely are the two made to dovetail into each other. Whatever else the bulky volume may not accomplish, it will at least show English readers how far the steadfast religious public of Germany will follow its champion into diverse and unfamiliar fields of thought.

"The Spell of Spain" (Boston: The Page Co.; $2.50 net) is a record of the impressions produced by that country upon two sympathetic travellers, husband and wife; it is largely cast in the form of dialogue. "Doña," the principal speaker, is a mixture of Bachfisch and blue-stocking. She has read everything worth reading that has ever been written about Spain, and is equally happy at quoting from the pedantic Dozy and the colorful Masefield. When memory fails, she reads from a volume of "Quick Notes," which, to her husband's amusement, she terms her "Don Quicknotie." The latter, the better to serve as a foil for his more gifted better half, affects an air of Sancho Panza-like prosaicness, as when, for example, the Rock of Gibraltar reminds him of the Woolworth Building. But as a punster he is no whit his wife's inferior. "How long is it since the Arabs took the Rock?" he inquires "Seven hundred and eleven," answers Doña quickly. "Seven come eleven. You might have known they came from Africa." Such witticisms as these might well deter the most intrepid traveller on Spain's very threshold. But these and many other things in the book are explained, and even excused, when the reader is let into the secret that "Doña" and the scribe are on their honeymoon. Those who love a lover, and we are assured that the whole world does, will enjoy the further conversations and adventures of this interesting pair. For our part, we cannot overcome a feeling that it would be indiscreet to tag along, an unwelcome third, when the protagonists would so infinitely prefer to be alone, revelling in gush, and laughing at each other's jokes. If we may hazard a pun of our own, the orthography of foreign words is not all that might be expected of "The Spell Series."

Shortly before the outbreak of the war, in which he is serving as a volunteer, Lucien Foulet, sometime professor in Bryn Mawr College and in the University of California, published an octavo volume of 574 pages entitled "le Roman de Renard" (Paris: Champion; 13 fr.). We may say of this work, as was said in its day of Sudre's "les Sources du Roman de Renard" (1892), that it opens a new period in the study of the subject. Thoroughly familiar with what has already been written, Foulet produces much new material, and draws new and significant conclusions. His book is a favorable example of the best type of French scholarship—clear and accurate in statement, vivid and attractive in style. While some portions form veritable monographs, yet they contribute to the establishment of these main propositions: the separate "branches" of the "Roman de Renard" were not a rewriting of older French originals now lost, but were composed by their several authors in the last quarter of the twelfth century and the first years of the thirteenth; they were derived in the main from definite literary sources, of which the most important is the Latin poem "Ysengrimus," of 1152; and in their turn the earliest "branches" were the direct source of the German "Reinhart Fuchs." Foulet is inclined to belittle the importance of folklore, as when he derives certain folktales now current in our Southern States, in Finland, and among the Hottentots, from the twelfth century French poem, and refuses to accept any inferences in regard to stories current in oral tradition in the Middle Ages; but this does not affect his chief argument, and a reaction was needed from the excessive assertions that have been made as to the "popular" origin of the beast-epic. Any one familiar with the work of Grimm, Sudre, Gaston Paris, and Voretzsch sees at once how revolutionary Foulet's views are. He pays little attention to the original sources of the stories, being content to show the essentially literary origin of the French poem, which in turn became the source of subsequent beast-epics. His chief conclusions are not likely to be overthrown, and his work has cleared up some of the most perplexing problems of mediæval literature.

Various controversies have of late years directed public attention to the highly efficient railway brotherhoods which represent the finest type of trade-union organization. Responsive to this interest is the volume entitled "Railway Conductors: A Study in Organized Labor," by Edwin Clyde Robbins (Columbia University Studies; Longmans; $1.50), which traces the formation of this powerful union, its methods of government, the trade regulations concerning wages, hours, and working conditions, and the steps that have been taken to enforce its demands—negotiation, mediation, arbitration, strikes. A section of the book is devoted to the beneficiary features. This powerful organization, with 49,000 members, ninety per cent. of all train conductors, deprecates the use of the sympathetic strike; advocates, at least formally, the open shop, although it is not particularly gracious to "outsiders," and insists upon regulating the wages of non-union men. Its jurisdiction extends throughout the country, and it has no successful rival organization. It has the distinction of having contributed a member to the Interstate Commerce Commission in the person of its president, Edgar E. Clark. As a trustworthy history of the order and a clear and accurate statement of its present activities and ambitions, this volume is to be commended. But there are many indications that the author has been influenced by the winning personality of President Garretson, who, according to the preface, "has shown a kindly interest in the work at every stage." He looks at the problem largely from the point of view of the conductor. Hence he fails to bring out clearly some of the less favorable aspects of these great brotherhoods: their militancy and their disregard of the interests of other classes of railway labor. The book does not, and probably was not intended to, give a balanced discussion of the issues involved between the railways and their men.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

A single news item shows the unity of all classes and creeds of Frenchmen in their present struggle for national existence and the universal uprising of all in their country's defence. The Monod family is well known among American Evangelicals by its writings for several generations, and is now represented by the ultra-Modernist Wilfrid Monod. Gabriel Monod, who so long was at the head of historical study in France, died only a few months ago. Of the living Monods, eighty-one are now actually serving in the French armies. Scarcely less known is the Berger family, with its professors in the Paris theological and medical faculties, another a distinguished palæograph, and yet another the successor of Renan. There are fifty-seven of these Bergers serving under the French flag. Pastor Westphal, of Lausanne, Switzerland, has his two sons and seventy-four members of his family in the French army. The Bridels, of the Swiss Protestant publishing and theological family, are represented in like manner, as are all these families which have been French Huguenots time out of mind.

An article on the history of the Hohenzollerns by Charles Giraud, which was published in 1872 by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, relates a forgotten incident that is not without present piquancy. It is connected with the accession of that family to the royal title in Prussia. In 1618 the head of the house, who for two hundred years had enjoyed Electoral rank as Margrave of Brandenburg, was created Duke "in" Prussia. This meant East Prussia, which the Teutonic Order had lost to the King of Poland. In 1656 the title became Sovereign Duke "of" Prussia. This was the title held by the Elector Frederick when he entered into the alliance against King Louis Fourteenth of France; and, to reward him, Emperor Leopold proposed changing it to the increased dignity of King. This was in the year 1700; and the representative of the Teutonic Order and the King of Poland, each claiming suzerainty over any such royalty, protested against the use of the title King "of" Prussia. So the Hohenzollerns had to begin, in 1701, as Kings "in" Prussia. What is not so well known is that "the question

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had been seriously discussed of calling the new sovereign King of the Vandals"; and that, later on, this title did not seem displeasing to Frederick the Great. But against this, too, there were protests, notably on the part of the Duke of Mecklemburg. His protest may have been based on his hereditary right, since 1436, to the title of Prince of the Wends, whereas the Hohenzollerns were sovereigns of the Wends only since 1464, when they became Dukes "in" Pomerania.

Among the numberless hospitals which the fatalities of war have obliged France to open in every part of her territory, there is none more curious materially than that installed in the Grand Palais at Paris. This is the immense Art Building constructed for the Exposition of 1900 and since used for the annual Salons. The great central space, with its iron and glass cupola larger than any dome, and considered a triumph of French engineering, could never be heated. So the surrounding galleries have been hermetically closed off by painted canvas; and 1,200 beds, with laboratories, kitchens, doctors' and nurses' rooms, and all the appurtenances of a commodious hospital, have been installed in the hundreds of halls intended for finer, if not so useful, arts.

The difficulties of instalment were greater than in the American Hospital Ambulance, which has room for 1,000 beds of surgical cases. That took over the very large new college, never yet occupied, of the Paris suburb of Neuilly. It had been intended from the beginning for human habitation. Several Americans, like other rich inhabitants of France, have fitted up their city houses or country châteaux with complete hospital instalments, attendant physicians and surgeons and nurses. The British Hospital organized its ambulance in the palatial Trianon Hotel of Versailles; and many large Paris hotels, in whole or in part, have been given over to the same purpose. But all is still insufficient in this kill of French and British and German soldiers. Germans should be added, although Senator Clemenceau maintained in his suppressed newspaper that they should not have first chance and choice. The French, at least, have for working principle that all wounded soldiers, of whatever sort, are men. If some such principle could be practiced in time of peace, the world might be saved from all this inhumanity of war.

Dr. César Roux, a distinguished Swiss surgeon, well known to many Americans who have visited Lausanne to consult him, has given his services for some time to the important French military hospital at Besançon. He says he was led to do so by something more than the feeling of humanity and devotedness to near neighbors and friends of the frontier. "I needed to get away from the atmosphere of depression and inactivity pervading us in Switzerland during the first weeks of the European conflict. I have been comforted by contact with a population that has kept, with its coolness and good humor, all its confidence in the future. Even the state of mind of the wounded seems to me worthy of being proposed as an example to the healthy people of our own country. In the great halls where their beds are lined up, there is not a complaint nor a murmur. Each one is only waiting to be well again and again serve his country."

Science

THE RECONCILIATION OF SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Perception, Physics, and Reality. By C. D. Broad, M.A. Cambridge University Press; G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

The present is a period of unusually rapid advance in the knowledge of physical phenomena and in ferment of ideas. Old and well-established postulates of physics are under examination and new hypotheses are proposed. Naturally, philosophers are watching this unrest with keen interest, and are beginning anew the task of reconciling science and philosophy. The essay of Mr. Broad, which was originally presented to Trinity College, Cambridge, as a dissertation at the examination for fellowships, is an attempt to discover how much natural science, here meaning physics, can tell us about the nature of reality. And since many philosophers doubt its capability to tell us anything about reality, the assumptions of physics are also investigated.

The prime difficulty in a discussion of this kind is to determine what is meant by *the real.* If that remains obscure, then no amount of rigorous deduction can remove the obscurity of the postulate. And it may be questioned whether Mr. Broad has been able to impart to his readers the exact idea of reality which he himself has. He acknowledges the assistance he has obtained from Mr. Bertrand Russell's views on Causality as given in the "Principles of Mathematics." But it is very doubtful if Mr. Russell's philosophical method aids clarity of thought. As is well known, he substitutes mathematical symbols for ideas and propositions, and derives his conclusions by mathematical analysis. We may take an example from Mr. Broad's essay. Let p be the proposition, phenomenalism is true. Let q be the proposition that the objects of our perceptions depend on the structure of our organs. Can we prove p from this, *i. e.*, can we at the same time assert q and $q \supset p$? The proof is: asserting the proposition $p \supset \backsim q$, and with $q \supset p$, we get $q \supset \backsim q$. But $q \supset \backsim q \supset \backsim q$. Hence $q \supset p \supset \backsim q$. Thus to assert both $\supset p$ and q would involve the assertion of both q and $\backsim q$, which is impossible. This is evidently a proof of the theorem, that if objects are dependent on us, we cannot derive from it the proposition that phenomenalism is true. The question now is not so much whether the logic is good, or is made more tangible by using this extremely irritating style, but whether or not we have gained a clearer idea of phenomenalism, of reality, and of their connection by using p and q, and mathematical symbolism.

Suppose during the analysis our ideas of reality change somewhat, or even become confused, which is not unlikely, considering the complexity of the proposition, objects are dependent on the structure of our organs. If the idea changes, so also must the symbol; and following the custom of mathematicians, q becomes q', and our conclusions are to say the least doubtful. The reason why mathematics can be applied so successfully to physics is because, if q represents, say, a velocity, the idea is so simple and can be measured with such accuracy, that throughout a problem the writer's idea remains unchanged and can be imparted to his readers with certainty. Mr. Broad uses this method to some extent, but he departs from it in putting his conclusions in terms of probability rather than of certainty. He even says that Kant was most unfortunate in holding that philosophy deals only with certainty and not with probability. It may be added that if philosophy does deal with certainty, then certainty is a devious and intersected path.

The first and most important chapter of the essay is devoted to a discussion of the realistic point of view. From his observation that most scientists start from a position of naïf realism, Mr. Broad reasons that they can hardly avoid this attitude, however it may be obscured by a study of phenomenalism. The distinction between naïf realism and phenomenalism is defined in the following terms:

> The point of difference, of course, is that the naïf realist maintains that in perception we are directly aware of what would equally exist and be unaltered in any of its qualities at the moment at which we perceive it even if we did not perceive it, while the pure phenomenalist holds that what can be perceived must be perceived, and that nothing exists except mental states and the objects of those of them which are perceptions so long as they remain objects of them. The point of resemblance is that neither the phenomenalist nor the naïf realist can admit appearance or illusion.

This definition shows rather well that it would be somewhat difficult to compress phenomenalism into p and reality into q, and carry these symbols with any certainty through a long argument.

Not only does the scientist maintain an attitude of naïf realism, but it is difficult to see how he can adopt any other as a basis for science and keep free from subjective metaphysics. Putting this idea crudely, the physicist feels assured that he himself exists, and that certain of his sensations within him are real. With somewhat less assurance other objects, distinct from himself and independent of his existence, seem real to him; so real that the objects can be described to another person, who does not perceive them, with such accuracy that they can generally be distinguished when later they are perceived. The link between the individual and the object is a question for the philosopher, and apparently the argument over the nature of reality and the validity of the scientific point of view is endless and not likely to be settled.

Mr. Broad's discussion of the arguments against naïf realism is very thorough. His conclusions are that some of them are futile and none of them make it absolutely impossible. His analysis of the evidence given by the different organs of sense is

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keen. It can hardly be denied that some of them, notably sight and touch, are so much more definite that we instinctively refer the qualities of color and extension to the objects producing the sensation; while, on the contrary, such sensations as taste and smell are indefinite and are referred to the organs excited. For example, "Common-sense finds it almost impossible to conceive of an unsmelled smell or an untasted taste, but finds little difficulty in an unseen color and none in an unseen figure."

Two chapters are then devoted to phenomenalism and its causal theories. This doctrine, which has become very popular since the time of Mach, Mr. Broad accounts inadequate for a philosophic basis of science, and he counsels us to preserve an attitude of agnosticism towards the real causes of our perceptions. Although Mr. Broad gives good reasons for the advisability of this agnosticism, he fails to emphasize what is perhaps the best reason. For, however attractive the philosophy of phenomenalism may be because of the readiness with which it lends itself to mathematical analysis, it has the fatal tendency of projecting the theory of science into metaphysical speculation. The belief in the existence of matter may make us naïve, but it does at least keep our feet on the ground. When we try to substitute energy for matter, we drift into the abstract formulæ of the school of energetics, and when we exalt the attribute electricity into a world-stuff we lapse into the transcendental symbolism of relativity. These substitutions are repugnant to our common-sense, and in the end the experience of our sensations will prevail in science. None but the specialist will be satisfied to wrench our world of matter and sensations to satisfy a mathematical formula. Bacon gave a permanent warning when he stated that the function of mathematics was to follow phenomena and not to create them.

The essay closes with a discussion of the modifications which must be made in Newtonian mechanics if the modern hypotheses of electricity and relativity are accepted. Mr. Broad maintains a conservative position. His opinion, that further experience may teach us that the Newtonian laws of mechanics are only approximations, might be assumed from the fixed belief of physicists, although we sometimes dislike to admit it, that all scientific laws are laws of probability or approximation, and not of certainty. His final conclusion is sane, and shows the value of the book, especially now when both science and philosophy are tending to turn back to mediæval metaphysics:

> But [these] more general laws will still be laws about positions and velocities of some extended quality or qualities, and, as such, will be capable of the same sort of defence that I have offered for the traditional mechanical physics; that, although its laws were deduced from experiments made with appearances, they are transcriptions of the laws that hold among the real causes of our perceptions of appearances, and among the relations of these real causes to each other in a real spatial counterpart.

Drama

"THE DYNASTS" ON THE STAGE.

A NOTABLE COLLABORATION OF THOMAS HARDY AND GRANVILLE BARKER.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

LONDON, November 26.

It was not without misgiving that even the warmest admirers of Thomas Hardy and of Mr. Granville Barker heard of the projected presentation at the Kingsway Theatre of an abridged version of "The Dynasts." It seemed too gigantic a task even for Mr. Barker's energy and scenic skill. As one re-read Mr. Hardy's text, with its nineteen acts, its 130 scenes, and its two or three hundred speaking characters, to say nothing of crowds, parliaments, and armies, one was much more impressed by the scenic impossibilities than by the dramatic possibilities of the great epic in dialogue. It was magnificent, but it was not drama. And then there was the supernatural machinery: that hovering chorus of "Phantom Intelligences"—the Spirit of the Years, the Spirit of the Pities, the Spirits Sinister and Ironic, the Recording Angels, and other fearful wildfowl, to whom the poet has assigned the task of shedding upon the world-historic spectacle the searchlights of his pessimistic philosophy. How were these aerial phantasms to be treated? It might have been possible, no doubt, simply to omit them; but to this Mr. Hardy would scarcely have consented; and, besides, the action without its lyric accompaniments would have been like a libretto without its music.

Last night's production had not far advanced before we realized that Mr. Barker's daring was more than justified. He had shown admirable tact and ingenuity in grappling with a problem with regard to which he had no precedents to guide him. Reducing Mr. Hardy's text to perhaps one-tenth of its whole bulk, he had given it a species of unity by selecting those scenes in which England and Englishmen are most directly concerned; and for the presentation of these episodes he had invented a new scenic framework and, as it were, a new organ of epic-dramatic expression. Never did producer more truly collaborate with his author than Mr. Barker with Mr. Hardy; yet he has done it without thrusting his own inventions into the foreground, after the fashion of those actor-managers who inflict their collaboration upon the defenceless Shakespeare.

When all is said and done, however, Mr. Barker's methods are not really new. They are as old as the Elizabethan stage on the one hand, and the Japanese stage on the other. I do not know how far Mr. Barker was conscious of following these models. Of the Japanese stage, at any rate, he had probably no thought whatever. Yet his treatment of the mythology of the "The Dynasts" was as Japanese as his treatment of the historic episodes was Elizabethan.

When we entered the theatre, we were confronted by a specially constructed proscenium of plain gray, filled in with gray curtains. Against each of the raking panels of the proscenium was placed an elevated throne; while from the narrow apron in front of the curtains converging flights of steps led down to a stone seat with a sort of stone lectern before it. The architectural proportions of the whole structure were very pleasing. Presently the curtains opened in the middle and through them came two stately muse-like ladies (Miss Esmé Beringer and Miss Carrie Haase), who proceeded to occupy the two thrones, and Mr. Henry Ainley, in Georgian attire, with a gray academic gown, who stepped down and seated himself at the lectern, facing the audience. To these three personages, the dual chorus and the single reader, were assigned the lyrical, philosophical, and narrative portions of the production. The two Muses, as they naturally would, spoke in verse, while the Reader, speaking for the most part in prose, supplied what may be called the connective tissue for the episodes, or the thread on which they were strung. He read, in short, Mr. Hardy's elaborate and characteristic stage-directions, to some extent rewritten, I imagine, for the occasion.

Now these lyrical comments and spoken stage-directions are established institutions of the Japanese stage, though in Japan the performers are seated, not in front of the proscenium, but in the wing. And I take it that the reason for their employment is much the same in both cases—namely, that we have to deal with a form of drama imperfectly differentiated from the epic, like one of the modern statues which are left but hazily emergent from the marble block. It cannot be said that the Muses insisted unduly on Mr. Hardy's philosophy. Only once, towards the end, did we hear anything about the Immanent Will. Most of the interludes were, I think, selected from the utterances of the Spirit of the Pities, so that their general effect was simply to give voice to that intense compassion which is, indeed, the essence of Mr. Hardy's criticism of life. At the very end, one was astonished to hear the Muses break forth into a hymn of almost jubilant optimism, suggesting the song of the Archangels at the beginning of "Faust." On reference to the text, it appeared that this pæan of the Pities was hypothetical rather than affirmative—the hymn they would have liked to sing had the world been ordered otherwise. Chanted without this proviso, it seemed rather to contradict all that had gone before; yet most of us were willing to condone the inconsistency for the sake of a ray of light through the clouds.

So much for the supernatural marginalia, if I may so call them. When the curtains opened, they revealed a stage arranged in almost exact accordance with the most recent reconstructions of the Elizabethan theatre: two side-walls slanting backwards, an entrance-way in each, and between the two entrances a slightly raised inner stage, or alcove, to which the walls served as a

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proscenium-frame. The only feature of the Elizabethan stage that was lacking was the upper gallery or balcony over the inner stage; and there were one or two passages where one felt that Mr. Barker might have employed this feature, too, with excellent effect. Furthermore, he used his two stages quite in the Elizabethan fashion. On the front stage he placed no scenery, but only properties; while the back stage, by the simplest appliances, was occasionally converted into what we moderns call a scene, figuring, for instance, the cockpit of the Victory, or the anteroom at Fontainebleau, where Napoleon signed his abdication. By this means an admirable rapidity of action was attained. The short interspaces between the episodes were filled by the Chorus and the Reader, so that the attention was always agreeably occupied—a point of no small moment where there was no inner cohesion between the episodes, and no interest of plot to carry the mind forward. Or, rather, the interest of plot lay in that great historic movement which it was precisely the business of the lyric and narrative interludes to suggest. One very stirring episode, by the way—the Battle of Albuera—was treated entirely as a recitation by the three Presenters, as they would have been called in Shakespeare's time.

Whether by reflection or by instinct, Mr. Barker certainly did exactly the right thing in giving "The Dynasts" an Elizabethan setting. For, apart from its philosophic marginalia, the poem is nothing but a gigantic chronicle-play. We can trace its ancestry right back, through "Sejanus" and "Catiline," through "Henry IV" and "Henry V," to "Edward II" and "Tamburlaine the Great." Its curiously bombastic style, which has probably frightened off a good many impatient readers, is a remarkable testimony to the enduring influence of the Elizabethan tradition—an influence both for good and ill; certainly not for good when it leads to Napoleon's talking like this:

> Tiptoed Assassination haunting round
> In unthought thoroughfares, the near success
> Of Staps the madman, argue to forbid
> The riskful blood of my previsioned line
> And potence for dynastic empery
> To linger vialled in my veins alone.

There perhaps never was a great poet—for a great poet Thomas Hardy surely is—who was so helpless and lumbering in his use of language. Yet, take it all in all, performance tends to justify the Elizabethan form. Even though the verse be sometimes nothing but prose denaturalized and cut into lengths, we feel that it is possible to do in verse things which could not be done in prose. The verse reminds us that it is not the actual scene, but its highly-compressed essence which the poet is presenting. It puts realism out of court and gives atmosphere to what might otherwise seem little better than a cinematographic panorama. It enables us, for instance, to see Nelson pacing the quarterdeck of the Victory at Trafalgar, and scarcely to notice that, though broadsides and musketry are freely talked of, they are not represented to the ear by so much as a drum-tap or the popping of a child's pistol. And, even when the matter is most prosaic, a certain "use in measured language lies." It lends crispness, precision, and weight to dialogue. It brings out the true dignity of events which the commonplace associations of prose would tend to obscure.

The stage version, like the complete text, falls into three parts: "Trafalgar," "The Peninsula," and "Waterloo." The first part, of course, culminates in the death of Nelson, presented pictorially on the inner stage, with admirable simplicity and dignity. In the second part we have the death and burial of Sir John Moore, the Battle of Salamanca, and the scene of Napoleon's abdication. The third part shows us the Duchess of Richmond's ball, the departure of the troops from Brussels, and the crucial passages of the most dramatic battle in history. It seems to me that, in his complete text, Mr. Hardy achieves a unique imaginative feat—he makes you live through the battle with a sort of breathless suspense, as though you were really in doubt as to its issue. Something of this effect is lost in the stage abbreviation, which remains, however, intensely interesting. Mr. Sydney Valentine, an actor well known in America, gives a very strong and clear-cut portraiture of Napoleon. In the other parts there is not sufficient continuity to allow much scope for distinction, but the performance as a whole was more than competent. I must not omit to mention that Mr. Barker had wisely retained several of those interludes of Wessex rusticity in which Mr. Hardy is so peculiarly at home. They afforded the sort of relief which the Falstaff scenes give to "Henry IV" and the humors of Pistol, Bardolph, and Fluellen to "Henry V."

Perhaps the reader may question whether it is really opportune in war-time to revive the memory of

> Old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago.

Well, it is certainly a mixed pleasure to have the horrors of war brought home to us in imagination while the cold reality of them is every day haunting our minds. But, apart from the æsthetic satisfaction to be derived from so bold and original an effort of stagecraft, it is wholesome to be reminded that our fathers, in their day, lived through anxieties no less tense and terrible than those we are undergoing. As Mr. Hardy says in his Prologue, the production is designed

> To raise up visions of historic wars
> Which taxed the endurance of our ancestors,
> That such reminders of the feats they did
> May stouten hearts now strained by issues hid.

Yes, we are too apt to forget that Trafalgar and Waterloo were "issues hid" while the Immanent Will was slowly working itself out, and that the dash of Sir John Moore into Spain, which we now see to have been almost the turning-point of Napoleon's fortunes, seemed, to the men of that day, something not very far from a disaster.

"THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY."

Pleasure at seeing an old favorite successfully revived is somewhat tempered by regret that audiences appear inclined to accord to this piece a good deal warmer welcome than was vouchsafed to a far better play in the répertoire of the same company. "Mary Goes First," a comedy of notable constructive skill, struggled on with no overwhelming success for a few weeks; "The Marriage of Kitty," a farce of excellent good humor but of little outstanding dramatic merit, seems likely, if one may judge from its reception by a delighted audience on the second night, to repeat in some degree the vogue that it enjoyed on its original production.

The laugh in "The Marriage of Kitty" is easily raised; the fun is broad and obvious. When Madame de Semiano is revived from a fit of hysterics by a clapping of the hands on the part of Sir Reginald Belsize and John Travers, the effect is undeniably mirth-provoking and quite legitimate to farce, but it cannot be pretended that it is difficult to produce or that it makes any strenuous demand on the artistic intelligence of the players. The characters in "Mary Goes First," with the exception of Mary herself, who, as portrayed by Miss Tempest, was delightful, were played passably well, but not by any means as well as they might have been. "The Marriage of Kitty" is a far easier play to interpret, and the general level of the performance is consequently a great deal higher.

The plot of this amusing piece of foolery, adapted by Cosmo Gordon Lennox from the French of Fred de Grésac and François de Croisset, being familiar, need not be recapitulated. In addition to the Kitty of Miss Marie Tempest, which is as sprightly as ever, we may mention for commendation the Sir Reginald Belsize of W. Graham Browne, the Madame de Semiano of Miss Katharine Kaelred, and the John Travers of Herbert Ross.

"The Marriage of Kitty" was preceded at the Comedy Theatre by a one-act play by Harold Chapin, entitled "The Dumb and the Blind," which might easily with a little ingenuity have been made into something of real dramatic merit, but which in its present form consists merely of a character study of a bargee, admirably rendered by W. Graham Browne, and violates the canons of dramatic composition as laid down by Aristotle in not having a beginning, a middle, or an end.

S. W.

"DRIVEN."

"What it means to a woman"—that formula which is supposed to mean so much—receives attention yet again in E. Temple Thurston's new drama, "Driven," which is played at the Empire Theatre. In this incarnation the meaning gets a special setting from the fact that the woman has only two years to live, owing to some ailment to which no name is given. That in such circumstances her husband, who is engrossed in his work as an M.P., should have little or no time to devote to the frivolity which she craves, is of course tragic enough; and it was possible, with this situation, to make the impulse which she has to love and be loved in an irregular way seem cogent. But the play, as it stands, is poorly constructed and poorly elaborated. Certainly if the piece is to

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last, something must be done with the piddling first act, wherein the young wife, eavesdropping, hears her fate from the physicians called in for consultation. Here the "tragedy" is achieved largely by continuous iteration of the words "two years"! Even this would not have been so bad if Miss Alexandra Carlisle, who plays the part of the wife, had shown any variety of expression. As it was, the audience got merely the uncomfortable impression that the play was going to be pretty long. And it was long indeed.

One need not give the plot in detail. It is marked by the usual procedure. After being on the point of committing her welfare to the arms of her lover, the wife discovers that the lover, though outwardly a gentleman, is at heart a cad. This revelation of his inward self is, by the way, a very sudden bit of business; and though virtue triumphs, the victory is at the expense of the only character on the stage who by his finish really holds the audience's attention. It may be added that Diana in six months is pronounced cured and returns to the love of her husband, who, at the suggestion of his sister, a sanctimonious old thing, presents his wife with a Pekingese dog, and thereby convinces her that he at length understands her. F.

"And So They Were Married," a comedy of the new woman by Jesse Lynch Williams (Scribner), is a clever and entertaining play, of which the main theme is the profanation of the religious ideal in the mercenary marriage. It mixes much pungent and familiar truth with a good deal of shallow generalization. Like many other pieces of its class it seeks to establish broad deductions upon specially invented instances. But it is an ingenious bit of special pleading up to the point where it shrinks from the logical result of its own thesis. The heroine, a feminine individualist of the highest intellectual type, is passionately in love with a brilliant young medical scientist, of moderate means, to whom she is assistant, but will not marry him, partly because she believes that the contract implied in a ceremony is fatal to love, and immoral when love has died, and partly because the obligations entailed by it upon the man would hinder or block his professional advancement. She is willing, however, to link her fate with his as his mistress. The scientist, as much in love as she is, but more worldly wise, refuses to accept such a sacrifice, declaring that they must marry or part. In the end the scientist is forced, by specially devised but plausible circumstances, to accept the heroine's terms, on the understanding that a formal announcement of their determination to dispense with legal forms shall be made at a sort of family council. When this has been convened they revolt successfully at an attempt to entrap them into a religious ceremony—in which the Church is made to play a most despicable part—but are wed most effectually by an astute old judge who extracts from them all the public declaration necessary to the civil process. They readily attest their union by a solemn oath, thus virtually subscribing to the obligation against which they were in professed revolt. This is a lame and impotent conclusion, a case of much ado about nothing. What the play lacks is breadth of view and reflection. In its zeal for a modified marriage for the new woman it overlooks the handicaps of nature and the fact that any approach to free love would increase the liberties and opportunities of men while greatly multiplying the dangers and responsibilities of women.

What a deal Shakespeare had learned by 1604! "He had concepts of a catastrophe, a protagonist and antagonist at struggle, a keynote scene, a rise to a well-defined mental crisis, a crisis-emphasis including a tragic incident, the arrest of the catastrophe," and so on. In spite of these astonishing attainments he was "conscious of needing . . . structural unity, or, as he thought of it, probably, command over the interim between the crisis-emphasis group of scenes and the catastrophe group." Such amazing self-consciousness was in part the result of "Julius Cæsar." He "became interested in the Senecan pair of debaters in his study of Brutus and Cassius, but he could not stop then to develop all the dramatic possibilities." This Shakespeare, whose hobby is a more than German passion for technique, is created by Dr. Harriott Ely Fansler in "The Evolution of Technic in Elizabethan Tragedy" (Chicago: Row, Peterson & Company; $1.25). The notion of Shakespeare's passing from play to play in an effort to solve in succession technical problems is in reality more amusing than Professor Dowden's surmise that he carried through the writing of the histories to provide himself with a guide to the successful conduct of life. Yet it is developed in a serious, almost fanatic, mood, by minute analysis, with an eye single to the glory of Freytag and a mind filled to overflowing with his special terminology. In fact, the author displays an ingenuity unsurpassed even by the Baconian enthusiasts; where no one else has been able to detect evidence of any preconceptions regarding dramatic forms or any continuous interest in rules and schemes of structure, she reveals Shakespeare's life-long absorption in nineteenth-century German theory of tragedy.

In the reprint of Hannah Lynch's translation of "El Gran Galeoto" of Echegaray (Doubleday; 75 cents net), the Drama League worthily continues its work of making accessible to English readers representative plays of the best foreign authors. José Echegaray is recognized as the leading dramatist in Spain to-day. His literary fame, moreover, has not been confined to Spanish-speaking countries. In 1905 the Nobel Prize for literature was divided between him and Frédéric Mistral. Translations of his plays have been made into several languages, and are holding their place in the contemporary theatre. Of recent interest is Echegaray's translation from the Catalán of Guimerá's "Maria Rosa," played last winter at the Longacre Theatre. "Maria Rosa," an emotional drama of the Catalonian mountains, was passed upon by the Drama League, and of the fifty-five productions judged won a place upon the list of fifteen plays worth publicity. Four of Echegaray's plays, "The Son of Don Juan" and "Mariana" (the translations of James Graham), "The Great Galeoto," and "Folly or Saintliness" (the translations of Hannah Lynch), were published in Boston. An adaptation of "The Great Galeoto" was made by Nirdlinger and played under the title of "The World and His Wife." We have another translation by Caroline Sheldon, whose version was presented at Grinnell College in 1912. The present translation is not free from occasional inaccuracies, and there is perhaps some lowering of tone. Nevertheless, the Drama League does good service in publishing this attractive volume.

Art

STYLIST AND ÆSTHETE.

Second Characters, or the Language of Forms. By the Right Honourable Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury. Edited by Benjamin Rand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

We are not often permitted a glimpse into the workshop of a great writer, and when this writer has been dead two hundred years, the experience is tinged with romance. The third Earl of Shaftesbury, philosopher and author of "Characteristics," died in Naples in 1713, and in 1913 Dr. Benjamin Rand, head of the Robbins Philosophical Library of Harvard University, discovered among the papers in the Record Office in London Shaftesbury's "Second Characteristics," and published them at the University Press, Cambridge.

The book consists of four treatises, of which the first two, "A Letter Concerning Design" and "A Notion of the Historical Draught of Hercules," had been previously printed. The third, or rather a translation of a Greek passage on which it was to be based, and the fourth, "Plastics," are published for the first time. In addition Dr. Rand prints all the notes, directions for the title-page and the illustrations, a preface, and an "Idea of the Work," in which Shaftesbury laid down definite rules for his own guidance.

The "Idea" might be called a "Rhetoric or Composition Book" such as is studied in our colleges to-day:

> A right rule, viz.: To begin each Part with a deeper breath, distinguishable from the subaltern sallies or excursions in the mere sections into which the main parts are divided (page 5).
>
> A rule, viz.: Nothing in the text but what shall be of easy, smooth, and polite reading, without seeming difficulty, or hard study; so that the better and gentler rank of painters and artists, the ladies, beaux, courtly gentlemen, and more refined sort of country and town wits, and notable talkers may comprehend, or be persuaded that they comprehend, what is there written in the text.

On the same page Shaftesbury warns against the frequent use of "I," and urges the substitution of the "fashionable one, from the French *on*." On page 10 he suggests that the first chapter of a serious book should contain thoughts—

> which the reader with little study may discover, and applaud himself for it, believing the rest easy. So that it is in the next following chapters that the maxims, or deep precepts, theorems, etc., may be couched, and so delivered, that what surpasses the ignorant reader may pass him by, without reproaching him his defect, or frightening him with the supposed profoundness of the sense or reading.

The copious notes and appendices of the MS., all of which are given in Dr. Rand's edition, were not intended by Shaftesbury to be printed in their entirety; for they, too, contain frequent hints either for himself or

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for whosoever should give the final polish to his first draught of "Plastics." Shaftesbury was the first English writer on the great problems of art, and found an insufficient vocabulary at his disposal. Some new words he coined outright and used freely, because their meanings were clear; others he used tentatively and only in certain connections which he hoped would explain them. Very interesting is his desire to substitute (p. 180) *virtual* for *virtuous*, "which last cannot be used for the energetic in the good sense." One of his new words has again disappeared from the English language without there having been found a substitute, except the cumbersome "easel-picture." Shaftesbury called such pictures *tablatures*, to distinguish them from pictures painted in the places where they were to be seen—walls, ceilings, doors, and the like.

Other notes are full of reminders to look up references, to search for appropriate quotations, or to make sure that a given statement is correct. All in all, there is probably no other book which reveals one of the great literary men of two hundred years ago so intimately at work as Dr. Rand's edition of the "Second Characters." This fact alone would make the book valuable, but it sinks into insignificance before Shaftesbury's searching investigation into the true principles of art.

Written at a time when the state of art in the world, judged by its output of visible art, was low, the maxims laid down by Shaftesbury are as valid to-day as they ever were, and will be recognized by our greatest writers and painters as true and singularly well expressed. Generally Shaftesbury had the unfortunate habit of polishing his sentences to their utmost before sending his manuscripts to the printer. In these "Plastics," however, he did not advance beyond the first draught, and this enables us "to catch him," as Edmund Gosse says, "before the magnificent and slightly fatuous toilet is completed, before his nouns have found their verbs, and while his epithets are still competing for selection." This makes the "Plastics" not always easy reading, but it conveys the *flatus dei*, and makes Shaftesbury's enthusiasm for true art almost catching.

His general theory was that good art is as natural an expression of man as political and individual freedom is his natural state. Where there is no freedom, no *enjoyment* of freedom, there can be no art, because you cannot express yourself naturally under unnatural conditions. Art, moreover, is not finite, for it always means and conveys more than it reveals. Nor are the principles of art unrelated to those of ethics. This, however, he wisely refrained from stating in so many words in the "Plastics," for it would have offended many readers. But in his "Idea" (p. 6) he says:

> Remember still, this the idea of the work, viz.: *Quasi*. The vehicle of other problems, *i. e.*, the precepts, demonstrations, etc., of real ethics. But this hid: not to be said except darkly or pleasantly, with raillery upon self, or some such indirect way. . . .

Starting out with the observation that "all men *mimic*, else no speech, no manners," and that nothing is "more pleasant to human nature from the beginning than learning," he proceeds to an exhaustive discussion of a variety of principles of art:

> The didactive or preceptive way being unartificial, un-masterly, and un-poetic: not Homerical, though Virgilian. . . . This the province of the philosopher, the rhetorician, the historian: not the bard, the *vates*, the enthusiast (page 97).

> The finer and more delicate imitation is the more tender, and by nicest . . . touches in poetry as in painting, and not by exaggeration, amplification, straining, tightening, overcharging. . . . So a sordid painter first chooses a mean blemish and not a true one in manners. . . . On which very thing depends the difference between Horace and Juvenal (page 100).

> Bad figures: bad minds. Crooked designs: crooked fancies. No designs; no thought. No imitation: no poetry (page 105). Thus the species of horses and other animals, the kind being once seen . . . the idea of beauty and perfection is raised, and when reduced to this idea of instinct by the able artist, recognized presently by the good eye of every spectator (page 108).

Unfortunately, the good eye, *i. e.*, the good taste in art, is subject to a number of corrupting influences, of which Shaftesbury mentions four in particular: (1) bad art frequently seen; (2) haste and hurry of living; (3) vice and corruption; and (4) the "want of nudidity," the lack of "opportunity of viewing forms of the finer sort (not professional models) in nudity, and in easy, familiar, as well as strenuous exercising action." "The great business," however, "in this as in the whole of life is to correct our taste," and "the artificial, witty, far-fetched, refined, hypercritical taste is the worst in the world" (p. 115), because it is the result of conceit and ignorance.

Ignorance, in fact, Shaftesbury believed was the cause of the low state of art in his time:

> Modern masters no learning. No converse till after raised and known by their pencil, and then too late. Illiberal. Dis-ingeneous. Sharks, rakes. What ideas, when thus vulgar! Not even so high as what we call good breeding and manners in a common sense! . . . Yet these give the clue and lead the great, who are cheated as well as misled by these mechanic knaves! (page 129).

Such men were, of course, unable to come up to the standard of true art, where "all is invention (the first part of painting), creation, divining, a sort of prophesying and inspiration, the poetical ecstatic and rapture. Things that were never seen, yet feigned. Painter as poet, a second maker."

Shaftesbury wisely guarded himself against the attacks which *mere* painters always make against those who defend the divine side of art, viz., "that they know nothing of the technical side of painting," by including in his work several chapters on this subject. We know from his letters that he had frequent interviews with painters in Naples, where he spent the last year of his life engaged in writing "The Second Characters," and that one artist lived in his house. These chapters may, therefore, be regarded as expressing the ideas and practices of the painters two hundred years ago. We learn there that they used practically the identical colors which are used to-day with the one exception of vermillion; and that even our most advanced modern painters still follow the mechanical processes of mixing their pigments that were practiced then.

If there are few statements by Shaftesbury of the principles of art with which the student of to-day would be willing to quarrel, his estimate of individual pictures and artists is often open to criticism. He was a great admirer of Raphael, Michelangelo, Titian, and Poussin, but also of Domenichino, whose picture of St. Jerome he calls the best in the world. Rubens and the Dutch and Flemish genre painters, especially those of peasant life, he abhorred, and while he had a kind word for Closterman, he said that Van Dyck was "fantastic, apish, antic in his action, and wretched and false in his composition, collocation, etc." Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Holbein, Velasquez, and many important Italians are not even mentioned. This may seem strange at first, but it becomes natural when one reflects that Shaftesbury was far more interested in the abstract principles of art than in actual pictures. He passed through Paris, the Lombardy, Florence, and Rome on his way to Naples, and being a very sick man, could not visit any museums or galleries. In his many letters from Naples (published by Dr. Rand in 1900) there is not one word of regret at having been unable to do so, while there are expressions of regret at not having been able to call on this man or that man in the cities through which he had passed.

Great praise is due to the University Press for the beautiful garb in which "The Second Characters" has been issued. As frontispiece is printed an engraving after Closterman's portrait of the Earl of Shaftesbury. The painting itself, it seems, has disappeared. Possibly it was one of the several paintings which the painter Fran de Gruter removed to Amsterdam in 1711 after the death of Closterman. These paintings were later attached by a court order, according to recently discovered records (see Thieme-Becker, Künstler-Lexicon, VII, p. 116).

Dr. Rand's Introduction is a masterpiece of concise presentation of facts needed for an intelligent enjoyment of the book. His skilful editorship is everywhere apparent. There are copious cross references, an "Index of Ease," and bracketed translations of all Latin and Greek quotations. The translations serve their purpose, but at times miss their point. "Docti rationem artis intellegunt, indocti voluptatem," which means that the learned enjoy the principles of art, and the unlearned the beauty of the work of art, is translated: "The learned understand the art of composition, the unlearned enjoy pleasure from it."

When Dr. Rand has done so much it may be ungracious to ask for more, but the wish is a natural one that he should find the

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time to rewrite "The Plastics" as Shaftesbury wished they should be rewritten for publication, to rearrange the several chapters, and to "translate" into present-day English some of the more difficult passages. If he should do this, the book would be one of the most valuable, instructive, and enjoyable treatises on art, and one which might help people to reach a juster appreciation of true art than they seem to possess at present.

Emma Louise Parry's "The Two Great Art Epochs" (McClurg; $2 net) is the kind of equable compilation that seems to be in steady demand among schools and clubs. The drawbacks of the type are exemplified in inaccuracies in the accounts of Duccio, Masolino, and Perugino, in the choice of the worst Discobolus, that of the Vatican, for illustration, in the omission of the Hagias under Lysippus. Giorgione's name was not Barbarelli. On page 228 are three blunders in six lines. Such infelicities will occur so long as specialists are unable or unwilling to write our popular manuals, and publishers are too parsimonious to pay for expert supervision of such compilations. The present volume is clearly written, fully illustrated, and by no means bad of its sort.

Finance

END-OF-THE-YEAR MARKETS.

As the year draws to a close, and the fifth consecutive month of the European war is nearly ended, the American financial markets are moving in a suggestive and interesting way. The stock market, after its vigorous advance on the reopening of the Exchange, and after the rather speedy downward reaction, has fallen into a state of uncertainty. Confronted on the one hand by an undoubtedly strong demand from American investors, and on the other by the continued doubt as to whether foreign investors would not sell on any inviting rise in prices, the market seemed to have become in a sense between comparatively narrow limits of prices. Even last Friday's decision of the rate case, in favor of the railways, gave only a temporary stimulus to the rise.

This may have meant that financial judgment as to intrinsic values has not yet been determined—especially as prices still hold well above those of July 30, when the Stock Exchange closed its doors. But in other branches of the financial markets, judgment has been more emphatically pronounced. Money rates, to begin with, have returned to by far the lowest level since the war began—in fact, to what even in ordinary times would be called "easy money." Official rediscount rates at the Federal Reserve Banks have been reduced fully 2 per cent.

Yet, in spite of this absence of anything like a bid for European capital, international exchange has moved decisively in this country's favor. Exchange on London, which in August and September held so long at rates exorbitantly high, has this week declined to the lowest level since last February; a level not far distant from the normal gold-import point. This notable movement is ascribed, first to the large remittances of gold already made by us to Europe, but also, and perhaps chiefly, to the expanding export movement. Even in October the country's excess of exports fell $81,600,000 under 1913. In November, it was only $17,700,000 smaller. This month, with Europe's purchases of materials very large, with grain still going out on an unprecedented scale, and with cotton exports last week matching those of a year ago (whereas in August they were barely 10 per cent. of 1913), the influence of our outward trade in merchandise is undoubtedly much more positive.

Not least in importance among the movements on the markets has been the rise in wheat, this week, to a price higher than was reached even in the excited "war speculation" of September. This rise is partly recognition of the continued and very heavy European buying. But it is also based on some new calculations for the immediate future. Last Thursday the Government gave out its estimate on condition and acreage of our newly planted winter wheat crop. The figures brought both reassurance and disappointment. The crop's condition is the lowest of any December since 1911—9 per cent. under last December, and nearly 3 per cent. below the ten-year average. Yet, on the other hand, the planted area is 11⅛ per cent. greater than a year ago, and 20¾ per cent. above any previous planting.

There are statisticians here who figure that the higher acreage so far offsets the lower condition as to indicate a yield of 689,000,000 bushels, as against 690,000,000 this past season. But "December forecasts" are a notoriously dangerous reliance, and the fall in the crop's condition percentage in Kansas to 80, as against 100 last December, inspires some caution. As a general rule, the grain trade is inclined to regard the outlook for the next winter wheat crop as decidedly poorer than a year ago.

Even if our own crop were to fulfil the tentative estimate just cited, it does not seem possible for the world's wheat crop of 1915 to equal that of 1914—though this year's total, despite the huge American harvest, fell 386,000,000 bushels short of 1913. The new acreage in France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, and the Balkan States, also in Holland and parts of Russia, is almost sure to be greatly reduced, as a result of the drafting of able-bodied farm workmen into the various armies, and, in the case of France, Belgium, and Poland, as a result of continuous warfare on the very ground where the new crop would normally be planted. The Balkan States in 1913, despite continuance of their savage war well into the crop season, produced unexpectedly large harvests; yet the decrease from the previous year in the yield of Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece was something like 20 per cent., while neighboring countries which were not at war showed little change.

On the basis of final estimates on the great wheat yield of 1914, there is likely to be only 82,000,000 bushels left from our own crop for the balance of the season—which is a very small reserve. Australia's crop is short; she will have to import about 8,000,000 bushels, against exports of 68,000,000 last season. Canada will be cleaned out of wheat, in all probability, at the end of this present season.

So that this is the interesting situation which appears to be ahead of us. If this country's wheat crop of 1915 were to turn out one of only moderate dimensions, the world might have to pass through a season of excessively high prices for grain. And even if our harvest—after a December condition estimate which is, after all, far better than that which preceded the then very large wheat yield of 1912—should once more be abundant, we should in all probability repeat the remarkable achievements of this year's American grain trade. For Europe will certainly need all the wheat that the United States will have to spare.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Dean, M. M. The Bars Between. Boston: Four Seas Co. $1.20 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Davol, R. American Pageantry. Davol Pub. Co.

Durell, F. Fundamental Sources of Efficiency. Phila.: Lippincott. $2.50 net.

Matthews, B. The Oxford Book of American Essays. Oxford University Press. $1.25 net.

Poebel, Arno. Historical and Grammatical Texts. Vol. V. University Museum of Pennsylvania.

Poebel, Arno. Historical Texts. Vol. IV. No. 1. Phila. University Museum of Pennsylvania.

Woodberry, G. W. Two Phases of Criticism: Historical and Æsthetic. Published for the Woodberry Society.

Work, M. N. Negro Year Book. 1914-1915. Alaska: Tuskegee Institute Press. 25 cents net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Townsend, H. G. The Principle of Individuality in the Philosophy of Thomas Hill Green. Longmans, Green. 75 cents net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Dall, Caroline. The College, the Market, and the Court. Memorial edition. Concord, N. H.: The Rumford Press.

White, A. D. Fiat Money Inflation in France. New edition. Privately printed.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Baldwin, E. F. The World War. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Beck, James. The Evidence in the Case. Putnam.

Bernhardi, F. von. On War of To-day. Two volumes. Dodd, Mead. $5 net.

Bickley, N., and Fuller-Maitland, J. A. Letters from and to Joseph Joachim. Macmillan. $3.75 net.

De Forest, Mrs. R. W. A Walloon Family in America. Vols. I and II. Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.

Deutschland über Alles. Compiled and analyzed by J. J. Chapman. Putnam. 75 cents net.

Hopkins, Luther W. From Bull Run to Appomattox. Third edition. Baltimore: Fleet-McGinley Co. $1.12.

Collier, E. A. History of Old Kinderhook. Putnam. $5 net.

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Jefferson, C. E. The Cause of the War. Crowell. 50 cents net.
Powell, E. A. Fighting in Flanders. Scribner. $1 net.
Monypenny, W. F., and Buckle, G. E. The Life of Benjamin Disraeli. Vol. III. Macmillan. $3 net.
Robinson, G. W. Eugippius's the Life of Saint Severinus. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Robinson, G. W. Eugippius's Life of Saint Severinus. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Saunders, George. Builder and Blunderer. Dutton. $1 net.
Schurman, J. G. The Balkan Wars. Second edition. Princeton University Press. $1 net.
Sloane, William M. The Treaty of Ghent. An address delivered before the New York Historical Society. New York: Printed for the Society.
The Correspondence of Nathan Swift, 1737-1744. Edited by F. E. Ball. Vol. VI. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
The European War. The Powers. Edited by R. Stroppa-Quaglia. Edition d'Art Co. $1.50 net.
The German Spy System in France. Translated from the French of Paul Lanoir, by an English officer. London: H. Sotheran & Co. 6d. net.
The Times History of the War: The Battlefield of Europe. Woodward & Van Slyke.
Vizetelly, E. A. My Adventures in the Commune. Duffield. $4 net.
Whipple, W. The Story-Life of Napoleon. Century. $2.40 net.
Williams, Orlo. Giosue Carducci. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents.
Zweig, Stefan. Verhaeren. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

POETRY.

Cawein, M. The Poet and Nature and The Morning Road. Louisville, Ky.: J. P. Morton & Co. $1 net.
Hayes, J. R. Molly Pryce: A Quaker Idyll. Phila.: Biddle Press.
The Poetical Works of Mrs. Hemans. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.
Toldi's Eve. Translated from the Hungarian of John Arany by W. N. Loew. Co-operative Press.

SCIENCE.

Boutroux, E.; Riehl, A.; Godley, A. D., and Shipley, A. Vanuxem Lectures, 1913. Princeton University Press. $1 net.
Comstock, A. B. The Pet Book. Ithaca, N. Y.: Comstock Pub. Co. $1.25 net.
Coulter, J. M. Evolution of Sex in Plants. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
Pitman, I. Brief Course in Shorthand. Pitmans. $1.25 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Rolland, R. Musicians of To-day. Holt. $1.25 net.
Chandler, F. W. Aspects of Modern Drama. Macmillan. $2 net.
Cheney, Sheldon. The New Movement in the Theatre. Mitchell Kennerley. $2 net.
Nevins, A. Ponteach: A Tragedy by R. Rogers, with a life of Rogers. Chicago: The Claxton Club.
Wallace, Wm. The Musical Faculty. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

ART.

Butler, H. C., and Prentice, W. K. Ancient Architecture in Syria. Greek and Latin Inscriptions in Syria. Divisions II and III. Section B. Northern Syria. E. J. Brill.
Butler, H. C. Littman, E.; Magie, D., and Stuart, D. R. Ancient Architecture in Syria. Greek and Latin Inscriptions in Syria. Divisions II and III. Section A. Southern Syria. E. J. Brill
Cartwright, J. Italian Gardens of the Renaissance. Scribner.

JUVENILE.

McElhone, H. K. The Secrets of the Elves. Devin-Adair Co. $1 net.
McKenzie, I. Through the Nursery Door. Neale Pub. Co. $1 net.
Steinigans, W. J. Capers: His Haps and Mishaps. Devin-Adair Co. $1.50 net.
Williams, A. The Bettijak Book. Stokes.

TEXTBOOKS.

Balzac, H. de. La Recherche de l'Absolu. Oxford French Series. Edited by C. E. Young. Oxford University Press. 60 cents net.
Diekhoff, T. The German Language. Oxford German Series. Oxford University Press. $1.25 net.
Hill, M. The Teaching of Civics. Houghton Mifflin. 60 cents net.
Lomer, G. R., and Ashmun, M. The Study and Practice of Writing English. Houghton Mifflin. $1.10 net.
Montesquieu. Lettres Persanes. Edited by R. L. Cru. Oxford French Series. Oxford University Press. 60 cents net.

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